

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

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LITERATURE AND

CURRENT EVENTS



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DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

"RUNNING FREE"

THE AMERICA'S CUP DEFENDER "COLUMBIA," WITH SPINNAKER AND CLUB-TOPSAIL SET, AS SHE APPEARED IN HER GREAT RACE WITH THE BRITISH CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK" OFF SANDY HOOK. "SHAMROCK" IN BACKGROUND

COLLIER'S

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Journal of ArtLiterature and
Current Events

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New York October Twenty-eighth 1899

Announcement of War Correspondence.

JULIAN RALPH IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Mr. Julian Ralph, journalist and war correspondent, whose fame is international, will represent COLLIER'S WEEKLY in South Africa and the Transvaal during the conflict between the British and Boers. Mr. Ralph's letters, published weekly, and illustrated from photographs taken by himself in the field, will deal with every phase of the war that is to decide the fate of the South African Republic.

FREDERICK PALMER IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Mr. Frederick Palmer, the American war correspondent and special writer, will again represent COLLIER'S WEEKLY during the Fall and Winter campaign of the American forces in the Philippines. Mr. Palmer's brilliant work in the islands and while accompanying Admiral Dewey on his homeward voyage has established him in the front rank of the army of journalists now on duty with the American troops on service in the East. His letters will appear at regular intervals and will be profusely illustrated from photographs taken at the front, and drawings by special artists.

NATAL HAVING been invaded by the Boers, both of the Transvaal and of the Orange Free State, it is no longer possible to avert war in the Transvaal. With considerable adroitness, the Pretoria Government has managed to shift upon Great Britain the responsibility for the beginning of hostilities. By a document which may be described as an ultimatum, it submitted to Mr. Chamberlain a request that the matters in dispute should be settled by arbitration, or by some other amicable mode of adjustment, and added that, unless a favorable reply should be received by five P. M. on October 11, it should have to assume that Great Britain was determined to apply coercion to the South African Republic, and should be constrained to act accordingly. The British Government rejected the request by replying that it was not prepared to discuss it. A forward movement on the part of the Boers immediately followed, those of the Transvaal crossing the Drakensburg range and entering Natal by the pass of Laing's Nek, through which runs the railway from Durban on

the Indian Ocean to Johannesburg. The troops of the Orange Free State crossed the same range by a pass further toward the southeast, about equidistant from Volksrust in the Transvaal and Harrismith in the Orange Free State, and will thus be enabled to effect a junction with their Transvaal kinsmen at Newcastle for a combined advance against the British forces stationed at Dundee and at Ladysmith. The last named town, situated as it is at the junction of the Harrismith branch with the main railway to Johannesburg from Durban, is an important strategic position. It is said that from five to six thousand British soldiers have been massed there, and that there are at least as many at Dundee, which is the terminus of an eastward running branch which joins the trunk line north of Ladysmith. A glance at the map will show that the British forces at the two points just named might be consolidated before either division of the Boers could reach them. Should such a consolidation take place, there would be no great disproportion of numbers between the combatants. Predictions as to the outcome of the first collision naturally differ according to the sympathies of the prophets. Before these words fall under the reader's eye, the result of the initial encounter will be doubtless known. The question will then be answered whether the Boers in 1899 can fight as well as they did in 1880-81. Their power to do so is disputed on the ground that, at the date first mentioned, the Transvaal Boers had been long practiced in warfare against the Zulus and other aborigines, while the last eighteen years have been, upon the whole, pacific. It is pointed out, on the other hand, that the Transvaal burghers showed no sign of deterioration in marksmanship or valor as lately as January, 1896, when some six hundred Jameson raiders surrendered to about half the number of Boers.

IT IS NOT expected that the army corps, comprising at least 25,000 men and supplemented with 25,000 reserves, which is to be despatched from England under Sir Redvers Buller, will reach the Cape before the expiration of ninety days. Suppose that, in the interval, the British forces already in South Africa or on the way from India should experience severe defeats at the hands of the Boers, what consequences might be looked for? It is almost certain that, in such an event, the Afrikaners in the Cape Colony and in Natal, notwithstanding the proclamations which have declared it to be high treason for any British subject in either of those dependencies to aid the Transvaal or the Orange Free State, would revolt against the British authorities and co-operate with their kinsmen. Such an uprising would materially enlarge the scope of the conflict and increase the resources of England's opponents, for, although Natal twenty years ago contained only about 12,000 Boers, the Afrikaner element in the population of the Cape Colony is now computed at three hundred thousand. That is to say, the whites of Dutch extraction in the Cape Colony and Natal are almost twice as numerous as are their kinsmen in the South African Republic and the Orange Free State combined, for the two commonwealths last named numbered twenty years ago but 110,000 men, women and children of Hollander descent, and it is improbable that, by natural increase, the total can have been swelled more than fifty per cent. The accessions of strength from the Cape Colony and Natal which, in the case supposed, might be counted on would not constitute the only gain which the Boers might derive from preliminary victories. There are already indications that most of the Outlanders in the Rand district, except those of English and Scotch extraction, make so light of the grievances under which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, they are groaning, that they are disposed to take service under the Boer flag. This seems to be especially true of the Irish, the Germans and the Americans, a contingent from each of the three nationalities having been placed in the field.

THAT BOTH THE Republicans and the Democrats attach great importance to triumph at the approaching election of a Governor in Ohio, which is the President's own State, is evident from the fact that Mr. McKinley has made, and is to make, several speeches there, and that Mr. Bryan has promised to speak in behalf of Mr. John R. McLean, the Democratic candidate. Until recently, it was supposed that McLean had a prospect of success, owing to the unwillingness of the Kurtz-Bushnell element in the Republican party to support Judge Nash, who is indebted to Senator Hanna for the Republican nomination. It is said to have been planned that the followers of Mr. Kurtz and Governor Bushnell, following the example set by the friends of Blaine in the New York governorship contest of 1882, should refrain from voting, thus allowing the election to go by default. Of late, however, calcula-

tions have been deranged by the emergence of a formidable disintegrating factor in the Democratic ranks. We refer to the candidacy of Mayor Jones of Toledo, who has been nominated for Governor by petition, and who is running on a platform of anti-bossism, the municipal ownership of municipal franchises, short hours of labor, and the application of the golden rule to the situation in the Philippines. It is reported that he is carrying everything before him in the factory districts, and he is himself the authority for the statement that most of his adherents are drawn from the Democratic party, and are likely to vote for Bryan in 1900. The misgivings aroused by this unexpected disruption of their forces are disclosed in the instructions given by Democratic leaders to their party newspapers, which are urged to ignore Mayor Jones's canvass. From one point of view, Mayor Jones recalls the late Henry George. He is equally able to convince workmen of his sincerity and trustworthiness. In the opinion of most persons, however, the reforms which he advocates are more practicable than is the "Single Tax." There is also this difference between Mayor Jones and Henry George, that the former is a successful manufacturer and hard-headed man of business.

IT SEEMS THAT one of the pivotal issues on which platform oratory turns in the Ohio campaign, and about which we are likely to hear a good deal next summer, is the payment by the United States of \$20,000,000 for the Philippines. Judge Day, formerly Secretary of State and afterward a member of the peace commission by which the Treaty of Paris was concluded, has undertaken to deal with the question in a published letter. The topic is an awkward one for him to discuss, owing to the vacillating attitude of the State Department with regard to the Philippines, not only up to the date when the protocol was signed, but even at the time when the joint peace commission assembled. If, when the cable brought it the news of Dewey's victory, our Federal Government had appreciated the value of the Philippines, both in themselves and with relation to the future expansion of China's trade, it would have complied with the Admiral's request to despatch thither at once a strong military force, and it would have made up its mind inflexibly to retain the Philippines before the terms of the protocol were agreed upon. In that event, there would have been no Philippine question, and Aguinaldo would have been unheard of, except as a contented office-holder under an American Territorial Governor. There is no reason to doubt that Spain would have consented to a cession of the Philippines in August, 1898, had that been made a *sine qua non* condition of an armistice. For the motive which impelled Spain to secure a cessation of hostilities at any cost was the dread of the appearance of Admiral Watson's fleet in Spanish waters, and the probably resultant capture of the Canaries and Balearic Isles, and the bombardment of Cadiz, Cartagena and Barcelona. Not having exacted the Philippines in the protocol, our peace commissioners at Paris really had no *locus standi* for pressing peremptorily a demand for the surrender of the archipelago. The least they could do was to offer some pecuniary consideration for a cession which, with them, had been an afterthought. They first, it seems, offered to assume so much of the Philippine debt, the face value of which was \$40,000,000, as could be proved to have been expended in the islands on public works and permanent improvements of a pacific character. It would probably have been difficult for the Spaniards to show that any considerable part of the funds accruing from the Philippine loan had been used for such purposes; at all events, they made no attempt to produce vouchers for such an application of the money. Thereupon, if we understand Judge Day, our peace commissioners shifted their ground, and offered to pay \$20,000,000, not as an estimated equivalent of the sum expended on public works, but as purchase money pure and simple, the aim being to obtain title to the islands not by conquest, but by purchase. That was the course pursued toward Mexico in 1848 by the framers of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Of course, Democrats will say that the cases are not parallel, that we made a good bargain fifty years ago and a vile one last year; that what we bought in 1848 were the gold mines of California and the silver veins of Nevada, whereas what we bought in 1898 was an apparently endless and certainly costly and murderous war with the natives of Luzon. It is lucky, by the way, that our peace commissioners abandoned their original offer to pay so much of the Philippine debt as had been expended in the islands on public works and permanent improvements. Had that offer been accepted by Spain, our commissioners could not, with any show of consistency, deny that Cuba ought to be saddled with so much of the Cuban debt as had been expended in similar ways.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA

By HOWARD C. HILLEGAS

THE LONG diplomatic war in South Africa is ended, and real war, with the earth's two weakest republics ranged against its most powerful kingdom, is begun. The civilized diplomacy of Krüger and Chamberlain has been succeeded by the savagery of Generals Joubert and Buller, and the bloody prelude of the war that will be as wanton and vindictive as it is unnecessary and unjust has already aroused the interest of the world, which several months ago was engaged in formulating plans for a universal and everlasting peace.

It became evident during the early part of the last month of the diplomatic dickerings between the representatives of Great Britain and the South African Republic that war was inevitable. When Sir Alfred Milner, the Queen's Commissioner, arrived in Cape-town shortly after the Jameson Raid, he declared that he would settle the South African question once and for all time, even if he found war necessary to secure that result. The demands which he made of the Transvaal government were of such a nature that the Boers believed their country would be taken from them if they granted his requests, but they were willing to compromise and arbitrate the questions in dispute. The Krüger government, at great risk of arousing the wrath of the citizens of the republic, offered to make many concessions; but Sir Alfred and his superior in office, Joseph Chamberlain, would accept nothing but the full demands, and refused to arbitrate. While these diplomatic passages-at-arms were in progress, Great Britain commenced mobilizing her great army in South Africa, and with the arrival of every new regiment bulwarked her former demands.

Krüger's government saw that Chamberlain was using his office merely as a cloak to hide the military preparations, and that as soon as all the troops from England, India, Canada and Australia had been gathered on the Transvaal border he would undoubtedly increase his demands. The astute Krüger had had too many dealings with Chamberlain to mistake his purpose, and so on October 9, when everybody had been led to believe that an amicable agreement was close at hand, the world was astounded at Krüger's peremptory demand that the British forces be moved from the Transvaal border until the questions at issue should be settled one way or another. The British government replied that the Boer demand could not be discussed, and at five o'clock in the afternoon of October 11 the troops of the little Dutch republic commenced the forward movement which will end in the extinction of the South African Republic and the Orange Free State or the British loss of its vast empire south of the Zambesi.

The Boers commenced the war with a sublime faith in the righteousness of their cause and a deep regard for their ability in the use of rifles; the British made no lofty pretensions, but continued to despatch more troops from her colonies that the will of her politicians might be carried out. The Boers' faith in the justice of their cause was strengthened when the Orange Free State announced through its representative, President M. T. Steyn, that the Transvaal's position was justifiable and that the Free State would join the Boers of Krüger's country in resenting British interference in the internal affairs of the South African Republic. It is one of the most glorious displays of unselfishness in history, this act of the Orange Free State by which she risks not only the lives of almost all her citizens but the life of the republic as well, merely to show the world that she is willing to fight for the principles of right and justice as delineated by a sister-republic.

The combined military strength of the two republics is not less than 40,000 men, and each one an experienced hunter and sharpshooter. To what extent this number has been or will be augmented from the 60,000 co-religionists and sympathizers in Cape Colony and

Natal is not known, but it is undoubtedly considerable. It is also too early for the hundreds of thousands of natives to show to which side they will throw their mighty strength, but when they finally determine to assist one of the contestants, then the less fortunate one may well wish that war had not been entered upon.

If figures might be relied upon to prove anything in military campaigns, then it would not be extraordinary if Great Britain should be defeated in this war with the little Boer republic. The most conservative estimate places the number of Boers and Boer sympathizers in South Africa at between 70,000 and 85,000 men capable of effective military service. Every one of these men is accustomed to an outdoor life, accustomed to the use of arms, courageous as the heroes at Majuba Hill, and practically independent of commissariat arrangements. The Boers assert, and with excellent reason if their other wars against Great Britain are taken into consideration, that one Boer soldier is the equal in battle of five trained British soldiers. Allowing for

western border are the wealthy Kimberley diamond mines, which, if captured by the Boers, would be not only a prize-of-war worth hundreds of millions of dollars, but would also offer sweet consolation to the Boers, who lay all their recent troubles to Cecil J. Rhodes, the chief owner of the mines and the instigator of the Jameson Raid, which, curiously, started out from the same locality in which the first scrimmage of this war took place. The Kimberley mines are situated in a level part of the country and are protected by nothing more practicable than recently constructed earthworks which would hardly be noticed by the advancing Boer soldiers. There are less than five thousand British soldiers between Kimberley and Capetown, a distance of about eight hundred miles, and it is not likely that many more will be sent thither, owing to the nature of the country, which consists for the most part of broken tablelands and the Great Karroo, a desert of big proportions.

The Boers, whose commissariat need not be so extensive, owing to the soldier's ability to live many days on a small piece of biltong, or dried beef, may take this western route, and, by effecting a junction with their Dutch sympathizers in Cape Colony, attempt to capture Capetown. It is hard to see what practical advantages the possession of Capetown could offer to the Boers, inasmuch as the British navy could resist all efforts of any foreign power or of any filibusters to land arms or ammunition for the Transvaal. It might give the Boers courage to appeal to the world for assistance, on the grounds that by such a great victory they had proved the justice of their cause; but it is doubtful whether Great Britain will allow any one to interfere in any way in the struggle.

Judging from the former wars between the two nations, the majority of the battles of the present war will be fought in "the tongue of Natal," which is that triangular piece of territory in the extreme north of that colony. The largest number of troops is in Natal, owing to the fact that Durban, the port of the colony, is four hundred miles nearer the frontier of the Transvaal than Capetown and the country better adapted for the movement of large bodies of troops. Laing's Nek, a narrow defile in the Drakensburg Mountains, is the most important pass between the Transvaal and Natal, and it is through this pass that the Boers passed and afterward marched upon and captured several important positions. The important military bases of Ladysmith, Newcastle and Colenso are also situated in that district, and will probably be attacked as soon as the forces of the Transvaal and the Free State meet. Ladysmith has been the rendezvous for almost all the British soldiers in Natal ever since the Jameson Raid, and recently the force has been augmented. Van Reenen's Pass, through which the Free State forces must enter Natal, is less than fifty miles west of Ladysmith and is well fortified by Boer guns, as are all the other mountain passes on the borders.

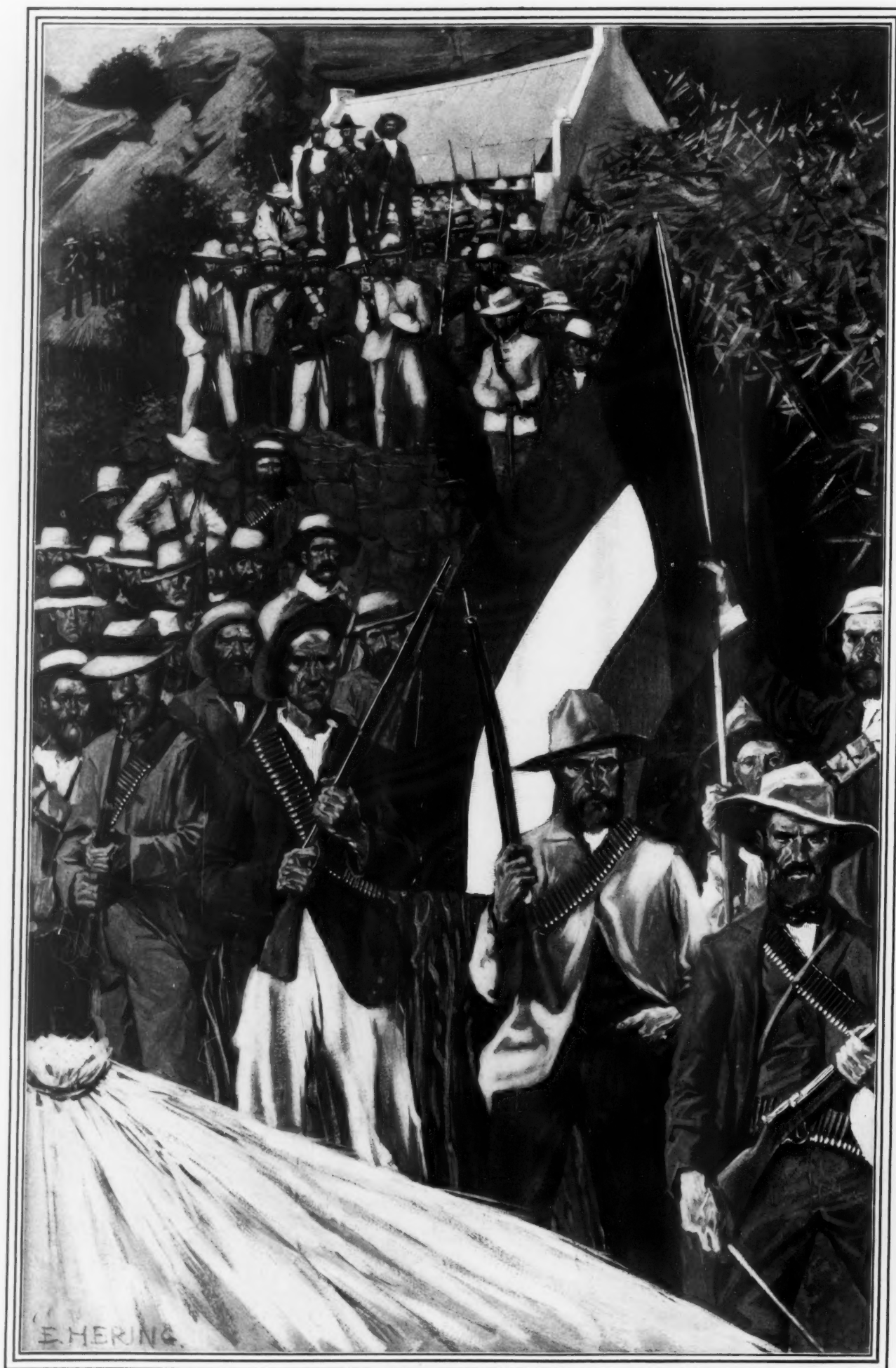
Unless the Boers take immediate advantage of the opportunities which the wet season and the British unpreparedness afford them there will be few heavy battles for a month or two to come. The commando is under the intrepid General Joubert, who was at the head of the armies that won back the independence of the Transvaal in 1881 at Majuba; and he will undoubtedly move further into Natal, where he will encounter the British forces under General Sir George Stewart White. Unless the British forces are speedily reinforced at Ladysmith, the combined strength of the Transvaal and Free State commandos will be sufficient to overcome them, and then there will be successive retreats toward Pietermaritzburg and Durban until the reinforcements of troops now on the high seas arrive on the scene of action. By heavy marches and severe fighting the Boers may be able to reach Pietermaritz-



"OOM" PAUL KRÜGER, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC

possible exaggeration and making one Boer the equal of two British it will be seen that Great Britain will have an army of possibly 150,000 men to contend against if all the Dutch sympathizers in Cape Colony and Natal assist the Transvaal, as will undoubtedly be the case. Against this large force the British will be unable to gather more than 30,000 volunteers from all her South African possessions. By comparing these figures it will be seen how many Imperial troops will be required in South Africa to place the two belligerent armies on an equal numerical basis. As it requires almost four weeks to transport troops from England, India or Australia to Capetown or Durban it is evident that the Boers have all the advantage in the early part of the war.

The first few days after the declaration of war seemed to show that the chief Boer advance would be made from the western frontier of the Transvaal into Cape Colony, although a larger force of Boers is stationed in the Laing's Nek district in the eastern part. On the



DRAWN BY E. HERING, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

ON MAJUBA HILL—"READY!"

BOER RIFLEMEN TAKING UP POSITION ON THE SITE OF THE BLOODY AND DECISIVE BATTLE OF FEBRUARY 27, 1881, BETWEEN THE FORCES OF GENERAL COLLEY AND GENERAL JOUBERT, IN WHICH THE BRITISH SUFFERED DEFEAT. THIS BATTLE WAS THE LAST DESPERATE STAND OF THE FLEEING BOERS AND SECURED FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE TRANSVAAL.



A TRANSPORT DEPARTMENT GROUP OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN NATAL

burg, the capital of Natal, before the reinforcements arrive. The flight toward Durban of the Natalians in the upper part of the colony seems to indicate that such an action on the part of the Boers is feared, and the flight to Cape Colony of the women and children from Durban and the lower part of Natal also seems to indicate that the Boers' old threat to capture Durban, the city which they once owned, is not treated lightly.

The war in South Africa will cause a loss of millions of dollars to American manufacturers, whose commercial relations with that country have been steadily growing in volume for many years. Ever since the tension between the two governments began the business has been decreasing, and since war was declared it has practically suspended. Even if the war should continue only six months, and it may not end for a year, it will require another year for business relations to be firmly re-established; so that American manufacturers will lose a year's volume of trade, at the very least, because two diplomats were unable to agree. America's trade with South Africa last year was estimated at about \$30,000,000, and before the British demands were made the indications were that the United States would this year draw fully \$10,000,000 more. Naturally, the British army will require great quantities of canned meats and provisions in this war; but as these necessities were purchased here in times of peace, no great increase in the volume of business can be expected from that source.

ENGLAND in the course of her history suffered—as does every fighting nation—many defeats, but never one so humiliating to her national pride as her defeat at Majuba Hill on February 27, 1881, by the rude Boers of the Transvaal. That she then accepted that defeat was due to the existence of a Gladstonian Cabinet in England and the ever-present desire of that party for peace at any price.

It is to avenge that defeat—Outlanders' grievances

and suzerainty complications notwithstanding—that Great Britain is now in the field in South Africa with the pick of her army and her most trusted generals.

February 27, 1881.

It was on that day that General Sir George Colley, an officer of experience and undoubted personal bravery, after a forced night march took up a position on the summit of Majuba with his force of six hundred British soldiers. Since his defeat by the Boers at Laing's Nek on January 21 his communications had been constantly attacked by the burghers, and on taking up the highly important strategic position on Majuba he determined to once more assume the offensive. The Boer forces filled the valley commanded by the hill, and when they discovered the position taken by the British forces they manifested every symptom of panic and made what at first seemed a general movement to retreat. They, however, did not do so. The counsels of Generals Joubert and Smidt prevailed, and the Boers settled down to preparations for an attack.

On the English side overconfidence and the inevitable panicky feeling that always seizes a soldier when surprised by a daring movement such as that made by the Boers contributed to the day's defeat. To General Colley and his officers the position on the summit of the hill appeared impregnable. Its flat saucer-like top commanded the plain on every side, and no thought seems to have been given to artificial fortification.

The Boers, however, knew that the sides of the hill which rose precipitately from the plain were scarred by deep cliffs and gullies. Up these Joubert determined to send a band of his picked men, and to cover their operations the men in the valley opened a brisk fire on the soldiers on the hill. So accurate was the shooting of the Boers that the English soldiers kept under cover as much as possible, only rising now and then to return a volley. Little harm was done by this long-range firing on either side, and so confident of their security were

the British soldiers that with every volley they hurled taunts at the enemy in the distance. For six hours this firing continued—that was the length of time it took the two hundred and fifty Boers who attempted the ascent to climb the hill. Once there, one party of sixty burghers occupied a small peak standing on the skirt of the summit, killing by a single volley the small British picket that held it. The rest of the Boers poured themselves over the saucer-like edges of the flat-topped mountain and took the British soldiers completely by surprise. The movement was so sudden, so totally unexpected, that the English force could not awake to a realization of what had happened. They fancied themselves penned in to slaughter, and all the efforts of their general and his officers could not recall them to discipline. They precipitated themselves down the side of the hill into the very hands of the Boers, who advanced to meet them.

A handful of them remained to fight and he killed, among them General Colley, who, when he saw all hope lost, took his life with his own hand. Cameron, the war correspondent, who was taken prisoner by the Boers and immediately released, described the scene as one of the wildest confusion. The defeat at Laing's Nek had already demoralized the handful of British soldiers, who felt isolated in a strange country, and this new and startling attack was too much for them. Had the men yielded to the rallying of their officers they could undoubtedly have withstood the attack of the Boers and Majuba would mark a different page in English military history.

Of the six hundred British troops who occupied the summit of Majuba Hill over three hundred were killed in retreat. The Boer loss, according to Boer accounts, was only one killed and five wounded.

Majuba Hill ended the brief war of 1881. In less than a month afterward Mr. Gladstone signed a treaty of peace recognizing the independence of the Transvaal.



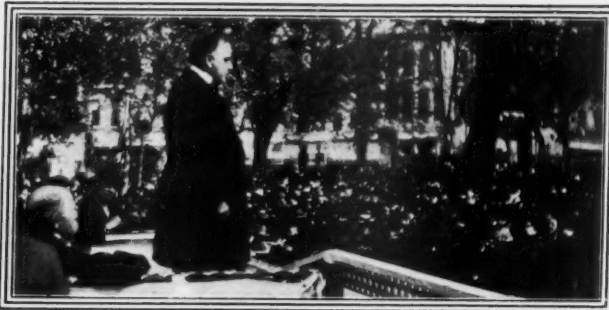
INSIDE THE BREASTWORKS. THE BRITISH STAFF AT PRETORIA DURING THE GREAT SIEGE BY THE BOERS IN THE FIRST TRANSVAAL WAR, NINETEEN YEARS AGO



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, CABINET OFFICERS AND CONGRESSMEN ON THE PLATFORM DURING THE PUBLIC SPEAKING AT GALESBURG, ILLINOIS



THE PRESIDENT DEDICATING THE PEORIA MONUMENT



THE PRESIDENT SPEAKING AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS



POSTMASTER-GENERAL SMITH ADDRESSING THE MEETING AT QUINCY, ILLINOIS. PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IS SEATED DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SPEAKER



SIR WILFRID LAURIER (X), MAYOR CARTER HARRISON AND GOVERNOR TANNER AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNERSTONE OF THE CHICAGO POST-OFFICE

THE OPENING OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY IN THE WEST

"SWINGING round the circle" is a performance not uncommon with our Presidents; but the recent journey of Mr. McKinley into the West was notable for its length—five thousand miles, over the lines of sixteen railroads—and as heralding a new national campaign, with the new issue of imperialism at the fore. Nor was its interest lessened by the fact that it was made under the towering shadow of Admiral Dewey as a Presidential "possibility," liable at any moment to overturn the carefully-laid plans of the Republican managers.

Accompanied by his entire Cabinet, with the exception of Secretary Gage, who later joined the party at Chicago, President McKinley left Washington in a sumptuously appointed special train on the night of Wednesday, October 4. Speeding westward Thursday, increasing crowds greeted the train at every way-side station. At Canton, Ohio, Mr. McKinley's former townspeople gave him tumultuous welcome, but he made no speech, and after short stops at Akron, Alliance, and Defiance, the train passed on into Illinois.

The President's first speech was made at Quincy on Friday, where, after visiting the soldiers' home, he and Secretaries Root, Long, Hay, Griggs, and Smith addressed an enormous and enthusiastic gathering in the court-house square. Later the same day, the Presidential party attended the unveiling of a new soldiers' monument at Peoria. In dedicating the monument, the President sounded the imperialistic keynote of the tour when he said: "With us war only sleeps when the assailants of our flag consent to Grant's terms of unconditional surrender." From the monument, the President proceeded to the Corn Palace, where he formally inaugurated Peoria's annual Corn Festival.

At Canton, Ill., occurred a notable encounter. When the President-That-Is ascended the platform at the fair in progress there he was met with outstretched hands by the President-That-Might-Have-Been-And-May-Be, William J. Bryan. Their hand-grasp was apparently cordial, as was their parting. When the President left, after a brief speech, Mr. Bryan delivered an address from the same platform.

At Galesburg, Ill., Saturday, a great crowd had gathered to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of one of the debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas. Unbounded enthusiasm greeted the Chief Executive when he appeared on the campus of historic Knox College, where Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith was the orator of the day. With short speech-punctuated stops at Kewanee, La Salle, Ottawa, and Joliet, the Presidential tourists reached Chicago Saturday afternoon. That night Mr. McKinley was a guest at the banquet of the Marquette Club at the Auditorium, where his appearance aroused tremendous enthusiasm. On Sunday he attended three religious services, delivered an address to colored men at Quinn's Chapel, and received many visitors.

Chicago's Fall Festival, of which the President was the star attraction, was ushered in on Monday, October 9. Early in the day, President McKinley, in his apartments at the Auditorium, received formal calls from Don Ignacio Mariscal, Vice-President of Mexico, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada. Amid deafening cheers from multitudes that congested the streets for miles, and under showers of roses flung from balconies, the President drove with Governor Tanner and Mayor Harrison to the new post-office site. On a raised dais, he officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the building. Gathered about him was a notable company, including not only the heads of his own Administration, the Mayor, and many Governors, Senators, and Congressmen, but the representatives of our two great sister commonwealths—Canada and Mexico. Sir Wilfrid Laurier sat in a front row, and looked on with keen interest while the President took a bit of mortar on a trowel and cast it under the great stone, which was lowered into its place while the band played "My Country 'Tis Of Thee." Speeches were made by Secretaries Gage and Smith and Senator William E. Mason. Here again the slogan of expansion was sounded by the Postmaster-General, who said: "Are we henceforth to mark time instead of marching forward? Is our growing commerce to halt on the frontiers of its old domain? Is the opening door of wider fields and enlarged activities within the broken walls of the Orient to be unrecognized and unused?"

After luncheon at the Union League Club, the President reviewed the "Chicago Day" parade, with twenty thousand men in line, notable among whom were a

company of ex-Confederates wearing "rebel" flags. All traffic on the streets was stopped, and surging thousands cheered the distinguished visitors to the echo. A "parade of all nations" and a grand banquet at night in honor of the President concluded the day's notable events. At the banquet, amid a storm of applause, the President declared that, "From Plymouth Rock to the Philippines the grand triumphant march of human liberty has never paused." On Tuesday the President addressed the Veterans in Memorial Hall, visited the Press Club, talked to the bricklayers, and attended a banquet of the Commercial Club, receiving ovations at each.

Wednesday was spent in a swing out from Chicago and back through Indiana and Illinois, the President making five minute talks and shaking hands with the people at a score of towns, everywhere preaching the doctrine of expansion and singing the psalm of prosperity. At Evansville, Ind., he met the veterans of the Blue and the Gray, who united in giving him far-sounding acclaim while he spoke eloquently of the reconciliation of the sections "baptized in the best blood of both."

So the triumphant progress of our latest war President continued, the special train taking its lightning-like course to Minneapolis, to Duluth, to Fargo, N. D., Aberdeen, S. D., Sioux Falls and Yankton, thence back to Sioux City, Ia., Dubuque, Galena, Milwaukee, and on through Michigan to Ohio, with a final long reach to Washington—in all a two-weeks' tour.

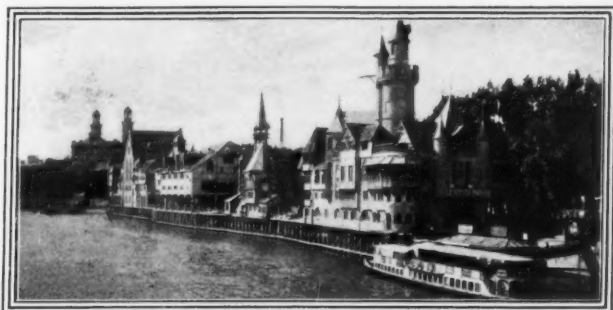
The pictures shown above present some of the most interesting scenes of the Presidential tour. The Cabinet officers and other prominent men shown in the top photograph, who attended the Galesburg meeting, are as follows, commencing with Secretary of State Hay, who is directly on a line with the corner of the building just beyond him, and reading to the right: Secretary of State Hay, Secretary of War Root, Attorney-General Griggs, Secretary of the Navy Long, Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock, Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, Senator Culham of Illinois, Congressman Prince of Illinois, and Secretary Cortelyou. The picture in the lower right-hand corner shows the Canadian Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, seated, holding a cane; by his side are Governor Tanner of Illinois and Mayor Harrison of Chicago.

THADDEUS HORTON.

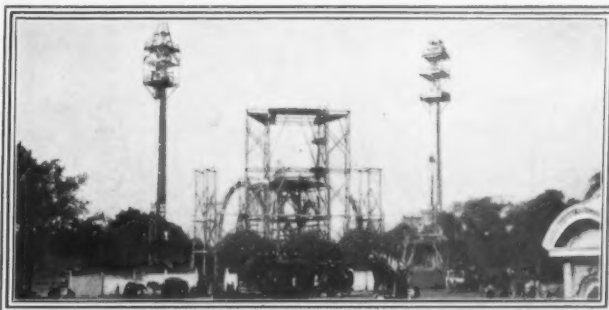
PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT V. GRIBAYEDIEFF



GENERAL PANORAMA OF THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS, PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE TALL TOWERS AT THE GRAND ENTRANCE ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



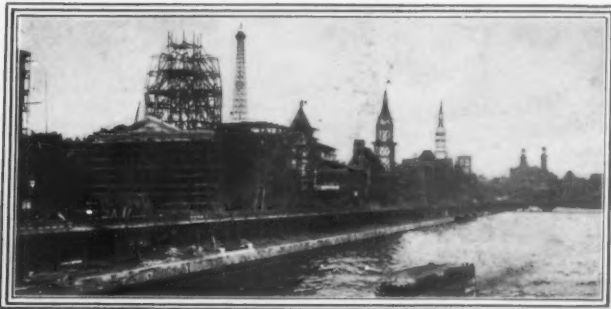
"OLD PARIS"; THE FIRST GROUP OF EXPOSITION BUILDINGS TO BE COMPLETED



THE GRAND ENTRANCE OF THE EXPOSITION ON THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE



THE TRANSVAAL BUILDING ON THE TROCADERO GROUNDS, OPPOSITE THE BRITISH SECTION



THE STREET OF NATIONS. THE UNITED STATES PAVILION IN THE FOREGROUND

THE PARIS EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS AS THEY APPEAR TO-DAY

PARIS

THE DREYFUS affair has not killed the great Exposition. Rather has the Exposition killed the Dreyfus affair; for nothing but the prospect of gain to be derived from the big show could have prevented a revolution in Paris. As a distinguished Frenchman recently said: "A Parisian will do anything for money—even keep quiet."

Not only is the Exposition not killed, but it promises to go on record as the only big exhibition that ever opened on scheduled time. All the buildings are now practically completed, in most cases only the decorations remain unfinished, and on these an army of workmen is busily engaged. Already the exhibitors are pouring their freight into the grounds. The hotels are filling up with the early guests, and others of the wise ones are sending in their orders reserving the best rooms for their occupancy during the first weeks of the Exposition.

It is curious that frailty and temporariness should forever be associated with French projects. Every one seems to believe that the freshness of the Exposition will be evanescent, will wear off after a week or two, and hence the haste to see it while it is still in its first flower. Certain it is the buildings as they now look have little of the solidity and fixity that marked the Chicago exhibition, for instance. They are obviously the creations of the moment. They will serve their purpose and then disappear.

The United States, of course, has a building to itself—a view of it is given in our photographs—but it will by no means contain all that America has to show. The large exhibit of the American shipping lines, for instance, will be in the Merchant Marine building on the banks of the Seine. There will be shown models illustrative of American yachting, and in the same building there will be models of American naval construction, including many of the famous battleships from the Spanish-American War.

Our sister republic, the Transvaal, will be represented—that is, if war with England does not upset all present arrangements—in an imposing structure which Parisians now facetiously call the "Oom Paul

Building." The indications are, however, that Oom Paul's building will be conspicuous by its emptiness.

To visitors interested in the spectacular side of the Exposition, next to such freak wonders as the gigantic umbrella that raises a car attached to each of its immense ribs sixty feet from the ground, the great point of attraction will be the "Old Paris" section. Here will be represented streets, houses and manners of the Paris of many generations ago. The plan of it will be much on the lines of the Kiralfy spectacles of "Venice" and "Constantinople," and altogether it will make one of the most delightful features of the whole Exposition.

The main gate of the Exposition will be a work of art—besides it will have the virtue of being accommodated enough to admit the sixty thousand persons an hour whom the management expects to visit the grounds. It is called "L'Entrée Monumentale," but is really a triumphal arch. The city arms of Paris are carved over its front, and surmounting it is a heroic statue of Liberty. Typical friezes representing the toilers of the world carrying their products to the Exposition ornament the sides. The cost of this magnificent arch is over twelve thousand five hundred dollars, and next to the beautiful bridge which spans the Seine—named after his Majesty the Czar in a moment of hysterical enthusiasm—it is the most striking accessory of the Exposition.

And Jules Guérin? this opéra-bouffe rebel and his chorus of friends?

For forty days they were shut up in the dark fort, cut off from all communication with humanity, guarded day and night by an army of soldiers, police, gendarmes. At first a few members of the Chamber of Deputies, bent on conciliation, were permitted to enter the fort; they came out with eyes full of horror and hardly could describe what they had seen—the rage, despair and mortal folly into which the prisoners had been cast by thirst and famine. Weeks passed. Prodigies of human endurance, the besieged still lived—without food or water. Because they had nothing, nothing. At one time it was thought that the market-women of the halles would force the blockade in the humanitarian purpose of bringing food to these starving heroes; but the market-women were not doing business in that way. Generous Paris had abandoned the unhappy heroes; they had nothing to do but die.

They died. Every morning one announced a new death; the black flag floated sombrely over the zinc roof of the fort. This was so tragic that the government relented and despatched doctors to the fort. They kept on dying, so that the neighbors demanded a quarantine. They died, but, before expiring, in one last effort to express their wrath and hatred of tyranny, they rained down on the heads of the besieging army a half-ton of lobster shells. It was very sad, every one said; but it did not seem quite natural. The police investigated. One dark night the police discovered a cord stretched across the street along which travelled baskets of provisions to the roof of the fort, from a garret over the way. They mounted to the garret and discovered a storehouse of provisions—pates and preserves, hams and legs of mutton, tinned vegetables and fresh figs, and lobsters, lobsters, lobsters. And, to cap it all, a supply of tooth-brushes!

How closely were these poor captives guarded. Even the sewers were watched lest they should burrow their way from their darksome prison—everything but the front door, and out of that Guérin and his brave fellows could have marched any day they chose. And then that memorable day of surrender. The world gasped when it heard that the fifteen dauntless ones had surrendered by honorable arrangement with the government. Paris craned its neck to catch a glimpse of the drawn faces and emaciated figures of the heroes of Fort Chabrol, and Paris saw fifteen comfortable bourgeois figures, most of them unromantically rotund and all breathing of good living, march out into the army of besieging gendarmes.

Fourteen went to their homes—they might have done it any day of the forty—but one, the great Guérin, was marched to jail, his halo of martyrdom glistening proudly on his head.

What will Paris pay for its forty days' entertainment outside Fort Chabrol? Already it has cost the government eighty thousand dollars to keep up the siege and the fun, and the shopkeepers in the street, and the property owners whose houses were ruined, are now bringing suit against the authorities. The amount will be doled.

But it was worth it.

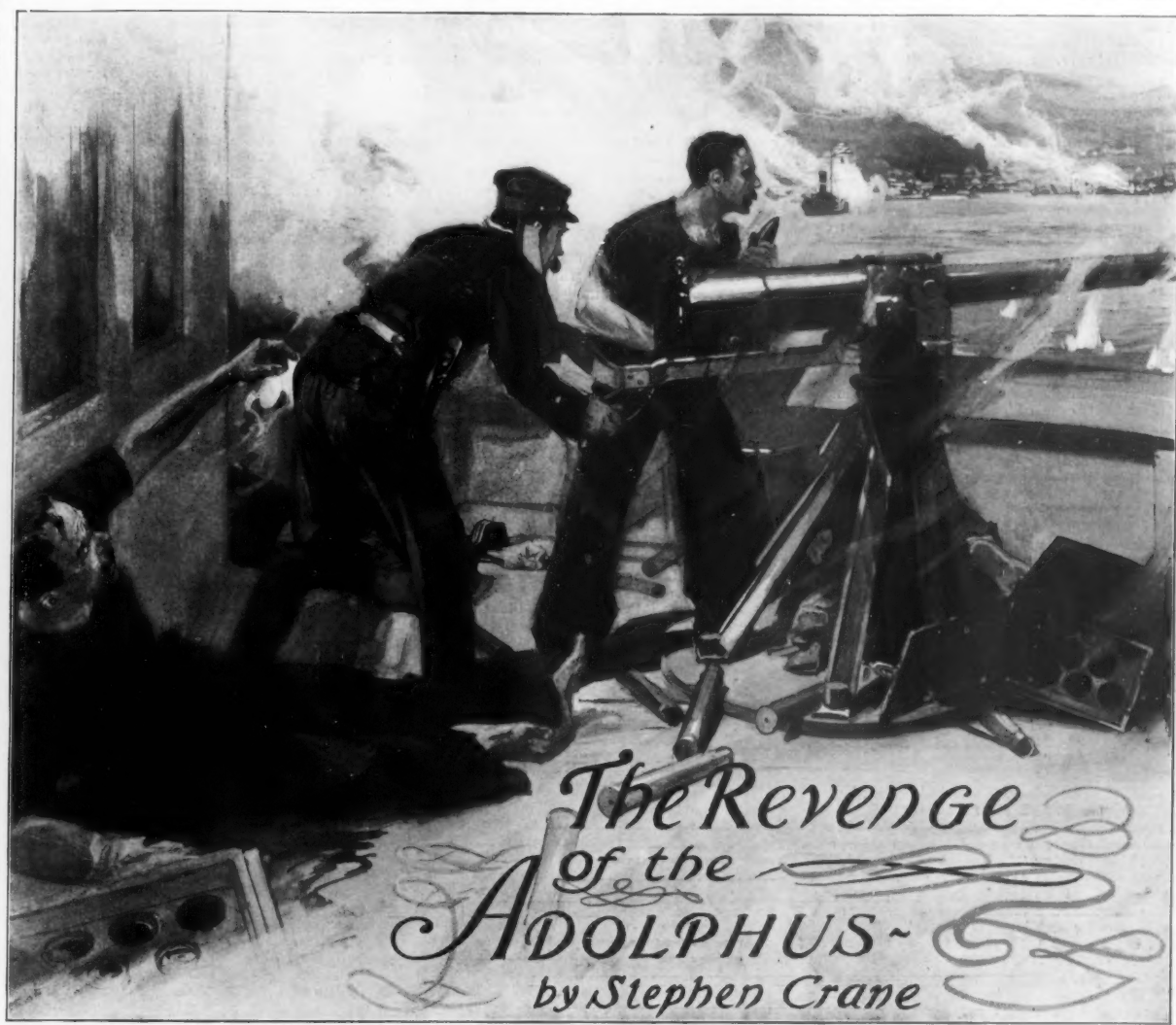
HENRI DUMAY.



DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ABROAD

AN AFTERNOON IN HYDE PARK, LONDON

"THE COMMON, BROAD BELOW A SILVER SUN, SWEEPED ITS GREEN TURF TOWARD MISTY KENSINGTON"—EDGAR FAWCETT



DRAWN BY H. REUTERDAHL

"IF WE DON'T SILENCE THAT FIELD-GUN SHE'LL SINK US, BOYS"



TAND BY!"

Shackles had come down from the bridge of the *Adolphus* and flung this command at three fellow-correspondents, who, in the galley, were busy with pencils trying to write something exciting and interesting from four days' quiet cruising. They looked up casually. "What for?" They did not intend to arouse for nothing. Ever since Shackles had heard the men of the navy directing each other to stand by for this thing and that thing, he had used the two words as his pet phrase, and was continually telling his friends to stand by. Sometimes its portentous and emphatic reiteration became highly exasperating, and men were apt to retort sharply: "Well, I am standing by, ain't I?" On this occasion they detected that he was serious. "Well, what for?" they repeated. In his answer Shackles was reproachful as well as impressive. "Stand by? Stand by for a Spanish gunboat!—a Spanish gunboat in chase! Stand by for two Spanish gunboats—both of them in chase!"

The others looked at him for a brief space, and were almost certain that they saw truth written upon his countenance. Whereupon they tumbled out of the galley and galloped up to the bridge. The cook, with a mere inkling of tragedy, was now out on the lower deck, bawling, "What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?" Aft, the grimy head of a stoker was thrust suddenly up through the deck, so to speak. The eyes flashed in a quick look astern, and then the head vanished. The correspondents were scrambling on the bridge. "Where's my opy glasses? Here—let me take a look. Are they Spaniards, captain? Are you sure?"

The skipper of the *Adolphus* was at the wheel. The pilot-house was so arranged that he could not see astern without hanging forth from one of the side windows, but apparently he had made early investigation. He did not reply at once. At sea he never replied at once to questions. At the very first Shackles had discovered the merits of this deliberate manner, and had taken delight in it. He invariably detailed his talk with the captain to the other correspondents. "Look here. I've

just been to see the skipper. I said, 'I would like to put into Cape Haytien.' Then he took a little think. Finally he said, 'All right.' Then I said, 'I suppose we'll need to take on more coal there?' He took another little think. Finally he said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Ever ran into that port before?' He took another little think. Finally he said, 'Yes.' I said, 'Have a cigar?' He took another little think. See? There's where I fooled 'im."

While the correspondents spun the hurried questions at him, the captain of the *Adolphus* stood with his brown hands on the wheel and his cold glance aligned straight over the bow of his ship.

"Are they Spanish gunboats, captain? Are they, captain?"

After a profound pause, he said: "Yes." The four correspondents hastily and in perfect time presented their backs to him and fastened their gaze on the pursuing foe. They saw a dull, gray curve of sea going to the feet of the high green and blue coast-line of northeastern Cuba, and on this sea were two miniature ships, with clouds of iron-colored smoke pouring from their funnels.

One of the correspondents strode elaborately to the pilot-house. "Aw—captain," he drawled, "do you think they can catch us?"

The captain's glance was still aligned over the bow of his ship. Ultimately he answered, "I don't know."

From the top of the little *Adolphus's* stack thick, dark smoke swept level for a few yards, and then went rolling to leeward in great, hot, obscuring clouds. From time to time the grimy head was thrust through the lower deck, the eyes took the quick look astern, and then the head vanished. The cook was trying to get somebody to listen to him. "Well, you know, my sons, it won't be no fun to be ketched by them Spaniards. By George, it *won't*! Look here, what do you think they'll do to us, hey? Say, I don't like this, you know. I'm jiggered if I do." The sea, cut by the hurried bow of the *Adolphus*, flung its waters astern in the formation of a wide angle, and the lines of the angle ruffled and hissed as they fled, while the thumping screw tormented the water at the stern. The frame of the steamer underwent regular convulsions as in the strenuous sobbing of a child.

The mate was standing near the pilot-house. Without looking at him, the captain spoke his name: "Ed!"

"Yes, sir," cried the mate, with alacrity.

The captain reflected for a moment. Then he said, "Are they gainin' on us?"

The mate took another anxious survey of the race.

"No—o—yes, I think they are—a little."

After a pause the captain said, "Tell the chief to hook her up more."

The mate, glad of an occupation in these tense minutes, flew down to the engine-room door. "Skipper says hook 'er up more!" he bawled.

The head of the chief engineer appeared—a grizzly head, now wet with oil and sweat. "What?" he shouted angrily. It was as if he had been propelling the ship with his own arms. Now he was told that his best was not good enough. "What? Hook 'er up more? Why, she can't carry another pound, I tell you! Not another ounce! We—!" Suddenly he ran forward and climbed to the bridge. "Captain," he cried, in the loud, harsh voice of one who lived usually amid the thunder of machinery, "she can't do it, sir. By Gawd, she can't! She's turning over now faster than she ever did in her life, and we'll all blow to hell—"

The low-toned, impassive voice of the captain suddenly checked the chief's clamor. "I'll blow her up," he said, "but I won't get ketched if I can help it." Even then the listening correspondents found a second in which to marvel that the captain had actually explained his point of view to another human being.

The engineer stood blank. Then suddenly he cried, "All right, sir!" He threw a hurried look of despair at the correspondents, the deck of the *Adolphus*, the pursuing enemy, Cuba, to the sky, and the sea; he vanished in the direction of his post.

A correspondent was suddenly regifted with the power of prolonged speech. "Well, you see, the game is up, tight. See! We can't get out of it. The skipper will blow up the whole bunch before he'll let his ship be taken, and the Spaniards are gaining. Well, that's what comes from going to war in an eight-knot tub." He bitterly accused himself, the others, and the dark, sightless, indifferent world.

This certainty of coming evil affected each one differently. One was made garrulous; one kept absent-mindedly snapping his fingers and gazing at the sea; another stepped nervously to and fro, looking everywhere as if for employment for his mind. As for Shackles, he was silent and smiling; but it was a new smile that caused the lines about his mouth to

betray quivering weakness. And each man looked at the others to discover their degree of fear, and did his best to conceal his own, holding his crackling nerves with all his strength.

As the *Adolphus* rushed on, the sun suddenly emerged from behind gray clouds, and its rays dealt Titanic blows, so that in a few minutes the sea was a glowing blue plain, with the golden shine dancing at the tips of the waves. The coast of Cuba glowed with light. The pursuers displayed detail after detail in the new atmosphere. The voice of the cook was heard in high vexation. "Am I to get dinner as usual? How do I know? Nobody tells me what to do! Am I to get dinner as usual?"

The mate answered, ferociously: "Of course you are! What do you s'pose? Ain't you the cook, you condemned jilt?"

The cook retorted in a mutinous scream: "Well, how would I know? If this ship is goin' to blow up—"

II

The captain called from the pilot-house: "Mr. Shackles! Oh, Mr. Shackles!"

The correspondent moved hastily to a window. "What is it, captain?"

The skipper of the *Adolphus* raised a battered finger and pointed over the bows. "See 'er?" he asked, laconic but quietly jubilant. Another steamer was smoking at full speed over the sunlit seas. A great fellow of pure white was on her bows.

"Great Scott!" cried Shackles; "another Spaniard?"

"No," said the captain; "that there is a United States cruiser."

"What?" Shackles was dumfounded into muscular paralysis. "No! Are you sure?"

The captain nodded. "Sure. Take the glass. See her ensign? Two funnels; two masts with fighting-tops. She ought to be the *Chancellorville*."

Shackles choked. "Well, I'm blowed!"

"Ed!" said the captain.

"Yessir!"

"Toll the chief there is no hurry."

Shackles suddenly bethought him of his companions. He dashed to them and was full of quick scorn of their gloomy faces. "Hi, brace up there! Are you blind? Can't you see her?"

"See what?"

"Why, the *Chancellorville*, you blind mice!" roared Shackles. "See 'er? See 'er? See 'er?"

The others sprang up, saw, and collapsed. Shackles was a madman for the purpose of distributing the news. "Cook!" he shrieked; "don't you see 'er, cook? Great Scott, man, don't you see 'er?" He ran to the lower deck and howled his information everywhere. Suddenly, the whole ship smiled. Men clapped each other on the shoulder and joyously shouted. The captain thrust his head from the pilot-house to look back at the Spanish ships. Then he looked at the American cruiser. "Now, we'll see," he said, grimly and vindictively to the mate. "Guess somebody else will do some ruinin'." The mate chuckled.

The two gunboats were still headed hard for the *Adolphus*, and she kept on her way. The American cruiser was coming swiftly. "It's the *Chancellorville*!" cried Shackles. "I know her. We'll see a fight at sea, my boys! A fight at sea!" The enthusiastic correspondents pranced in Indian revels.

The *Chancellorville*—2,000 tons, 18.6 knots, ten 5-inch guns—came on tempestuously, sheering the water high with her sharp bow. From her funnels the smoke raced away in driven sheets. She loomed with extraordinary rapidity, like a ship bulging and growing out of the sea. She swept by the *Adolphus* so close that one could have thrown a walnut on board. She was a glistening gray apparition, with a blood-red water-line, with brown gun-muzzles and white-clothed, motionless Jack tars; and in her rush she was silent, deadly silent. Probably there entered the mind of every man on board of the *Adolphus* a feeling of almost idolatry for this living thing, stern, but, to their thought, incomparably beautiful. They would have cheered but that each man seemed to feel that a cheer would be too puny a tribute.

It was at first as if she did not see the *Adolphus*. She was going to pass without heeding this little vagabond of the high seas. But suddenly a megaphone gaped over the rail of her bridge, and a voice was heard, measuredly, calmly intoning: "Halloo—there! Keep—well—to—the—north—ard—and—out of my—way—and I'll—go—in—and—see—what—those—people—want." Then nothing was heard but the swirl of water. In a moment the *Adolphus* was looking at a high gray stern. On the quarter-deck sailors were poised about the breech of the after-pivot gun.

The correspondents were revelling. "Captain," yelled Shackles, "we can't miss this! We must see it!"

But the skipper had already flung over the wheel. "Sore," he answered, almost at once, "we can't miss it."

The cook was arrogantly, grossly triumphant. His voice rang on the lower deck. "There, now! How will the Spinachers like that? Now, it's our turn! We've been doin' the ruinin' away, but now we'll do the chusin'!" Apparently feeling some twinge of nerves from the former strain, he suddenly demanded: "Say, who's got any whiskey? I'm near dead for a drink."

When the *Adolphus* came about, she laid her course for a position to the northward of a coming battle, but the situation suddenly became complicated. When the Spanish ships discovered the identity of the ship that was steaming toward them they did not hesitate over their plan of action. With one accord they turned and ran for port. Laughter arose from the *Adolphus*. The captain broke his orders, and instead of keeping to the

northward, he headed in the wake of the impetuous *Chancellorville*. The correspondents crowded on the bow.

The Spaniards, when their broadsides became visible, were seen to be ships of no importance—mere little gunboats for work in the shallows at the back of the reefs; and it was certainly discreet to refuse encounter with the 5-inch guns of the *Chancellorville*. But the joyful *Adolphus* took no account of this discretion. The pursuit of the Spaniards had been so ferocious that the quick change to heels-over-head flight filled that corner of the mind which is devoted to the spirit of revenge. It was this that moved Shackles to yell taunts futilely at the far-away ships. "Well, how do you like it, eh? How do you like it?" The *Adolphus* was drinking compensation for her previous agony.

The mountains of the shore now shadowed high into the sky, and the square white houses of a town could be seen near a vague cleft which seemed to mark the entrance to a port. The gunboats were now near to it.

Suddenly white smoke streamed from the bow of the *Chancellorville* and developed swiftly into a great bulk which drifted in fragments down the wind. Presently the deep-throated boom of the gun came to the ears on board the *Adolphus*. The shot kicked up a high jet of water into the air astern of the last gunboat. The black smoke from the funnels of the cruiser made her look like a collier on fire, and in her desperation she tried many more long shots, but presently the *Adolphus*, murmuring disappointment, saw the *Chancellorville* sheer from the chase.

In time they came up with her, and she was an indignant ship. Gloom and wrath was on the fore-castle, and wrath and gloom was on the quarter-deck. A sad voice from the bridge said, "Just missed 'em." Shackles gained permission to board the cruiser, and in the cabin he talked to Lieutenant-Commander Surrey, tall, bald-headed and angry.

"Shoals," said the captain of the *Chancellorville*. "I can't go any nearer, and those gunboats could steam along a stone sidewalk if only it was wet." Then his bright eyes became brighter: "I tell you what! The *Chicken*, the *Holy Moses*, and the *Mongolian* are on station off Neuvitas. If you will do me a favor—why, to-morrow I will give those people a game!"

III

THE *Chancellorville* lay all night watching off the port of the two gunboats, and, soon after daylight, the lookout descried three smokes to the westward, and they were later made out to be the *Chicken*, the *Holy Moses*, and the *Adolphus*, the latter tagging hurriedly after the United States vessels.

The *Chicken* had been a harbor tug, but she was now the U.S.S. *Chicken*, by your leave. She carried a 6-pounder forward and a 6-pounder aft, and her main point was her conspicuous vulnerability. The *Holy Moses* had been the private yacht of a Philadelphia millionaire. She carried six 6-pounders, and her main point was the chaste beauty of the officers' quarters.

On the bridge of the *Chancellorville* Lieutenant-Commander Surrey surveyed his squadron with considerable satisfaction. Presently he signalled to the lieutenant who commanded the *Holy Moses* and to the boatswain who commanded the *Chicken* to come aboard the flagship. This was all very well for the captain of the yacht, but it was not so easy for the captain of the tugboat, who had two heavy lifeboats swung fifteen feet above the water. He had been accustomed to talking with senior officers from his own pilot-house through the intercession of the blessed megaphone. However, he got a lifeboat over-side, and was pulled to the *Chancellorville* by three men—which cut his crew almost in halves.

In the cabin of the *Chancellorville*, Surrey disclosed to his two captains his desires concerning the Spanish gunboats, and they were glad of being ordered down from the Neuvitas station, where life was very dull. He also announced that there was a shore battery containing, he believed, four field guns—three-decimal-tvos. His draught—he spoke of it as his draught—would enable him to go in close enough to engage the battery at moderate range, but he pointed out that the main parts of the attempt to destroy the Spanish gunboats must be left to the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken*. His business, he thought, could only be to keep the air so singing about the ears of the battery that the men at the guns would be unable to take an interest in the dash of the smaller American craft into the bay.

The officers spoke in their turns. The commander of the *Chicken* announced that he saw no difficulties. The squadron would follow the flagship in line, ahead the flagship would engage the batteries as soon as possible, she would turn to starboard when the depth of water forced her to do so, and the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* would run past her into the bay and fight the Spanish ships wherever they were to be found. The commander of the *Holy Moses*, after some moments of dignified thought, said that he had no suggestions to make that would better this plan.

Surrey pressed an electric bell; a marine orderly appeared; he was sent with a message. The message brought the navigating officer of the *Chancellorville* to the cabin, and the four men nosed over a chart.

In the end Surrey declared that he had made up his mind, and the juniors remained in expectant silence for three minutes while he stared at the bulkhead. Then he said that the plan of the *Chicken's* commander seemed to him correct in the main. He would make one change. It was that he should first steam in and engage the battery, and the other vessels should remain in their present positions until he signalled them to run into the bay. If the squadron steamed ahead in line, the battery could, if it chose, divide its fire between the flagship and the vessels constituting the

more important attack. He had no doubt, he said, that he could soon silence the battery by tumbling the earthworks on to the guns and driving away the men, even if he did not succeed in hitting the pieces. Of course, he had no doubt of being able to silence the battery in twenty minutes. Then he would signal for the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* to make their rush, and of course he would support them with his fire as much as conditions enabled him. He arose then, indicating that the conference was at an end. In the few moments more that all four men remained in the cabin, the talk changed its character completely. It was now unofficial, and the sharp badinage concealed furtive affections, academy friendships, the feelings of old-time shipmates, hiding everything under a veil of jokes. "Well, good luck to you, old boy! Don't get that valuable packet of yours sunk under you. Think how it would weaken the navy. Would you mind buying me three pairs of pajamas in the town yonder? If your engines get disabled, tote her under your arm. You can do it. Good-by, old man; don't forget to come out all right."

When the commanders of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* emerged from the cabin they strode the deck with a new step. They were proud men. The marine on duty above their boats looked at them curiously and with awe. He detected something which meant action, conflict. The boats' crews saw it also. As they pulled their steady stroke they studied fleetingly the face of the officer in the stern-sheets. In both cases they perceived a glad man, and yet a man filled with a profound consideration of the future.

IV

A BIRD-LIKE whistle stirred the decks of the *Chancellorville*. It was followed by the hoarse bellowings of the boatswain's mate. As the cruiser turned her bow toward the shore, she happened to steam near the *Adolphus*. The usual calm voice hailed the despatch-boat: "Keep—that—gaize undershirt of yours—well—out of the—line of fire."

"Ay, ay, sir!" The cruiser then moved slowly toward the shore, watched by every eye in the smaller American vessels. She was deliberate and steady, and this was reasonable, even to the impatience of the other craft, because the wooded shore was likely to suddenly develop new factors. Slowly she swung to starboard, smoke belched over her, and the roar of a gun came along the water.

The battery was indicated by a long, thin streak of yellow earth. The first shot went high, plowing the chaparral on the hillside. The *Chancellorville* wore an air for a moment of being deep in meditation. She flung another shell, which landed squarely on the earth-work, making a great dun-cloud. Before the smoke had settled, there was a crimson flash from the battery. To the watchers at sea, it was smaller than a needle. The shot made a geyser of crystal water, four hundred yards from the *Chancellorville*.

The cruiser, having made up her mind, suddenly went at the battery hammer and tongs. She moved to and fro casually, but the thunder of her guns was gruff and angry. Sometimes she was quite hidden in her own smoke, but with exceeding regularity the earth of the battery spurted into the air. The Spanish shells for the most part went high and wide of the cruiser, jetting the water far away.

Once a Spanish gunner took a festive side-show chance at the waiting group of the three ships. It went like a flash over the *Adolphus*, singing a wistful, metallic note. Whereupon the *Adolphus* broke hurriedly for the open sea, and men on the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* laughed hoarsely and cruelly. The correspondents had been standing excitedly on top of the pilot-house, but at the passing of the shell they promptly eliminated themselves by dropping with a thud to the deck below. The cook again was giving tongue. "Oh, say, this won't do! Oh, this ain't no good! We ain't no armor'd cruiser, you know. If one of them shells hits us—well, we finish right there. 'Tain't like as if it was our business, foolin' round within the range of them guns. There's no sense in it. Them other fellows don't seem to mind it, but it's their business. If it's your business, you go ahead and do it; but if it ain't, you—look at that, would you?"

The *Chancellorville* had set up a spread of flags, and the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* were steaming in.

V

THEY on the *Chancellorville* sometimes could see into the bay, and they perceived the enemy's gunboats moving out as if to give battle. Surrey feared that this impulse would not endure, or that it was some mere pretence for the edification of the townspeople and the garrison, so he hastily directed that signals be made ordering in the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken*. Thankful for small favors, they came on like charging horsemen. The battery had ceased firing. As the two auxiliaries passed under the stern of the cruiser, the megaphone hailed them: "You—will—see—the—en—em—y—soon—as—you—round—the—point. A—fine—chance. Good—luck."

As a matter of fact, the Spanish gunboats had not been informed of the presence of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* off the bar, and they were just blustering down the bay over the protective shoals to make it appear that they scorned the *Chancellorville*. But suddenly from around the point there burst into view a steam yacht, closely followed by a harbor tug. The gunboats took one swift look at this horrible sight, and fled, screaming.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19)

ASPECTS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CRISIS—IV

By EDGAR MELS, FORMERLY EDITOR OF THE JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

THE LONG-DELAYED but expected war is a thing of reality at last. The first shot has been fired, and now all South Africa is ablaze. This is literally true, for martial law has been proclaimed in the Cape Colony, where there are signs that the Afrikaners will rise at the first Boer success. In Natal, martial law has been proclaimed in all that part of the colony north of and including the Dundee district.

In the west, the Boers have invested Kimberley, Mafeking and Vryburg, and have taken complete possession of the Bulwary Railroad. They have also cut all telegraph wires south and north of Kimberley, and have destroyed many miles of rails from De Aar, south of Kimberley, to that city.

In the north of the Cape Colony the Boers are threatening Aliwal North and the railroad to East London. At Koomatipoort, on the border of Portuguese East Africa, they have mined the bridge and the pass through which the railroad from Lorenzo Marquez to Pretoria runs, via Barberton.

In Natal, matters have assumed a serious aspect for the British, because of the great difference in the number of troops in the field. Dundee has been abandoned; Charlestown and Newcastle are in the hands of the Boers, and Ladysmith is threatened by three columns aggregating nearly twenty thousand men. The first column, under command of Commandant Boning, advanced through Botha's Pass. It consisted of a mixture of Free Staters, Boers and nearly two thousand Outlanders—Hollanders, Germans, French, Americans, and even Englishmen. The central or main column was under command of General Joubert, and moved through Laing's Nek Pass, via the battlefield of Ingogo. The third column, under command of General Jan Kock, advanced via Mott's Nek, on the eastern border of Natal. All three columns then closed in on Ladysmith, where five thousand British are intrenched, under command of General White. What the outcome of this battle is cannot yet be told, as the wires are all in the hands of the British and as a strict censorship has been established.

The campaign of the Boers shows remarkable strategical talent. It is of course impossible to say at this distance as to who is responsible for their movements, but the man who mapped out the Boer campaign is a military genius. A short review of their tactics will prove this. Throwing apparently their strongest and best equipped commando into Natal, they diverted attention, and, before the British were aware of what was happening, Mafeking was surrounded by a part of General Cronje's force. Then, when British attention was centred on Mafeking, Commander Allreide, with eight thousand Free Staters, crossed the border near Jacobsdal and surrounded Kimberley. This last was certainly a stroke of genius; for if Kimberley and Cecil Rhodes, who is cooped up there at present, should fall into the hands of the Boers, England would have to pay a ransom that would mean absolute independence for both the Free State and the Transvaal.

Kimberley, which is now the centre of interest in South African affairs, is located four thousand and twelve feet above the sea, some six hundred and forty-seven miles northeast of Capetown. It has a population of about thirty thousand, of whom twelve thousand are of European extraction. Its municipal valuation in 1898 was about seven million dollars. It is laid out very irregularly, and most of the buildings are of corrugated iron. The only buildings of any consequence are the High Court of Griqualand West on Market Square, the post and telegraph offices, the public library, and the Kimberley Club



CECIL RHODES, ENGLAND'S "EMPIRE MAKER" IN SOUTH AFRICA, WHOM THE BOERS CONSIDER THEIR WORST FOE AND WHOM THEY HAVE BESIEGED IN KIMBERLEY

in Dutoitspan Road. And the man within Kimberley—the man for whom the Boers have offered twenty-five thousand dollars, dead or alive? He seems to have schemed once too often. For it is as a schemer that Mr. Rhodes shines.

Born in England, of Scotch-Irish descent, he is the typical modern prototype of the Viking, who swooped down upon far-off countries to gather spoils. Having overcome the ravages of measles and other infantile complaints, Cecil Rhodes went to school and there learned that Britons never, never, never shall be slaves, but that this rule did not apply to other and especially desirable nations.

Nothing of importance happened to mar the even course of the boy's life, until one day his doctor informed him that he was prone to consumption and that only a change of climate would save his life. A family council was held, and it was decided that the Cape Colony was the best place for weak lungs. So, without consulting the Cape Colony at all, young Rhodes set sail for Capetown and subsequent glory. And having made up his mind to succeed, Rhodes succeeded. He became the most radical progressive of the progressives. Diamonds being discovered thirty miles north of the Vaal River in Griqualand West, he went thither, to aid Kimberley with his advice and presence. Once there, it was not long before he associated himself with men who could be of use to him—men who had as elastic consciences and as daring thoughts as he did, but who needed the leadership of a man like Rhodes to carry their schemes into the haven of reality.

That was the beginning of Cecil Rhodes as a factor in history-making. With the foundation of his fortune came political honors. He was elected to represent Barkley West in the Cape Parliament, while his alter ego, Barnato, stood successfully for

Kimberley. Having absorbed the diamond industry, Rhodes sought for new worlds to subdue. His opportunity came in the discovery of gold in the Witwatersrand district in the Transvaal, where Johannesburg now stands. And then began his career as a giant schemer—as the materializer of vague dreams.

Having "dreamed" himself into a fortune, Mr. Rhodes dreamed again—and these were his dreams: South Africa must some day be a national unit, in place of the conglomeration of states, languages and races existing. He would bring such a state into being, and would thus acquire the right to be its first head—the George Washington of the United States of South Africa! For he it understood that Great Britain was not considered in this dream—nothing and no one save Cecil Rhodes. Having satiated his pocket with a surplus of diamonds and gold, he sought to gratify his vanity with temporal power.

There was only one thing needed to accomplish this—the seal of approval of his country. Again he dreamed, and the dream took shape in the Royal South African Company, Chartered. And with the help of the Chartered Company and Mr. Barnato he accomplished some really remarkable results.

Equipped with a Board of Directors made up largely of influential men, including members of the aristocracy, Mr. Rhodes realized that he was in a promising way to secure possession of a very fair share of South Africa.

So he annexed all the land north of the Transvaal, named it Rhodesia, and half the battle was won. The other half was lost. The Jameson Raid proved the Waterloo in the history of this South African emulator of Napoleon.

Personally, Mr. Rhodes is not attractive. Nearly six feet tall and heavy, his face betrays the man. Self is his god—self his only friend. With the neck of a bull-fighter and the instincts of a gentleman, he is a queer mixture of good and bad. Amusement has little attraction for him, for it takes time from his "dreaming." Art and literature he likes in the abstract—when they can help him to materialize his dreams. Politics and its consequent power is his idol and aim. Life holds only one thing dear to him—the power over men. Take that away and nothing remains.

And now when Cecil Rhodes dreams, those dreams are disturbed by an ogre, bearded and unpleasant—Paul Kruger.



- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1. GENERAL FRANS JOUBERT | 10. GENERAL P. J. JOUBERT |
| 2. GENERAL N. SMIT | 11. GENERAL J. M. KOCK |
| 3. GENERAL P. A. CRONJE | 12. FIELD CORNET P. L. BEZUIDENHOUT |
| 4. COMMANDANT HANS ERASMUS | 13. COMMANDANT S. P. GROVE |
| 5. COMMANDANT J. D. DE BEER | 14. COMMANDANT J. D. WEILBACH |
| 6. COMMANDANT HENNING PRETORIUS | 15. COMMANDANT G. ENGELBRECHT |
| 7. COMMANDANT HANS BOTHA | 16. COMMANDANT J. FOURIE |
| 8. COMMANDANT D. J. MULLER | 17. GENERAL H. SHOMAN |
| 9. COUNSELLOR J. S. JOUBERT | 18. ARMS OF THE TRANSVAAL |
| | 19. GENERAL J. P. STEYN |

BOER COMMANDERS OF THE WARS OF 1881 AND 1899



DRAWN BY E. HERING

"VOORWAARD!"

"FORWARD!" A COMMANDO OF BOERS MOVING FIELD ARTILLERY TO THE FRONT IN THE
THE "ROUGH RIDERS" (BRITISH IRREGULARS) UN



WAARTS!"

FRONT IN THE RECENT SAVAGE ATTACKS ON MAPEKING, DEFENDED BY OUTLANDERS AND
(IRREGULARS) UNDER COLONEL BADEN-POWELL

PICTURES BY JAMES M. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



COLUMBIA



SHAMROCK

DECK VIEWS OF THE CUP RACERS JUST BEFORE THE START OF THE RACE OF OCTOBER 16, IN WHICH "COLUMBIA" BEAT THE BRITISH CHALLENGER "SHAMROCK"

"COLUMBIA'S" VICTORY

NO YACHT that has sailed for the much-coveted America's Cup ever received a more decisive beating than did the latest challenger, *Shamrock*, when she sailed against *Columbia* on October 16, after a most aggravating week of calms, fogs and light winds.

Captain Charles Barr of *Columbia*, by some clever manoeuvring, secured the weather berth at the start, and thereby gained his first advantage in the marine battle that was to follow. Both yachts carried exactly the same sail, and the talent on board was the best that either side could produce. Sir Thomas Lipton saw the race from his steam yacht *Erin*. Commodore J. Pierpont Morgan's *Corsair* and Howard Gould's *Niagara* were the only yachts out in time to see the start.

It was noticed when *Columbia* made her first tack fifteen minutes after the start that she had increased her windward advantage by more than fifty yards. She seemed to heel more than *Shamrock*, but she carried her sail well, and outpointed the British yacht all the time.

Captain Hogarth of *Shamrock* soon found that his yacht was unable to lie as close to the wind as the other, so he attempted, by giving her a good hard "full," to outfoot *Columbia* and go through her lee. This she was able to do at times, but at too dear a cost, for she was losing her windward position.

When about a third of the course to windward had been covered, *Columbia* being then between a quarter and half a mile to windward, Hogarth, Parker and Wringe, *Shamrock's* three skippers, decided to make one supreme effort to gain on *Columbia* by a series of short tacks. In four minutes forty-five seconds they put *Shamrock* about no less than seven times, but Captain Barr did not worry a bit. He simply let the Herreshoff boat swing around as often as his opponent, and when this little marine duel was ended, and *Shamrock* settled down to steady work again, her people found that instead of gaining by fore-reaching, as they had hoped, *Columbia* had beaten them at their own game, for she was plainly further ahead by several lengths than before.

There was nothing left for *Shamrock's* skippers to do but trim sheets as flat as possible and let the boat go "full and by." This they did, and Captain Barr always let them take the initiative in tacking, following with *Columbia* in a few seconds every time, and gaining ground on every tack, until, when the outer mark was sighted, she was more than a mile dead to windward of her rival.

The official time at the outer mark was: *Columbia*—1:48.19; *Shamrock*—1:58.08.

By this it will be seen that in the windward work of about twenty miles—for a third is always added for the tacks made—*Shamrock* had been beaten 9m. 52s. actual time.

The mark was left on the starboard hand, so as the yachts weathered it while on the port tack they simply kept broad off after rounding it, and, setting spinnakers to port, began their fifteen-mile run back to the finish. *Columbia's* crew had her spinnaker set in eighty-five seconds after rounding the mark. *Shamrock's* people beat that time by five seconds.

This run in a thick mist was uninteresting, for, after setting their balloon jib topsails, hardly a sheet was touched, but *Columbia* not only held her own but gained twenty-two seconds in this work. She swept grandly across the finish line a winner in distance by a mile and a half, and in time by 10m. 14s.

The official summary follows:

Yacht.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
<i>Columbia</i>	11 01 06	3 54 59	4 53 53	4 55 23
<i>Shamrock</i>	11 01 03	4 05 10	5 04 07	5 04 01

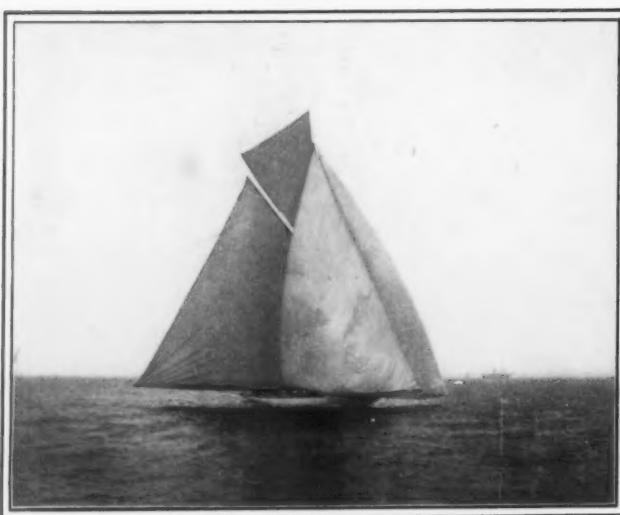
Thus *Columbia* wins by 10m. 14s. actual time, and 10m. 8s. corrected time.

Shamrock was allowed 6.31 seconds by *Columbia*. The wind during the race was between ten and twelve miles an hour. In the run before it the yachts averaged eight knots an hour.

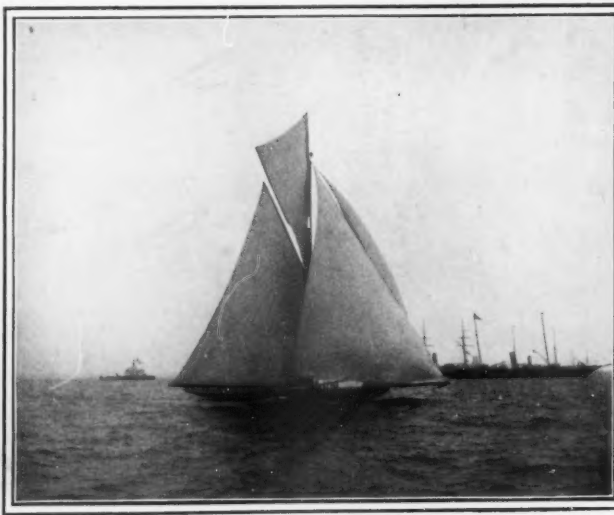
JAMES C. SUMMERS.



"SHAMROCK" FORGING AHEAD, JUST AFTER CROSSING THE STARTING LINE



"COLUMBIA" FINISHING



"SHAMROCK" FINISHING

THE REVENGE OF THE ADOLPHUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14)

Lieutenant Reigate, commanding the *Holy Moses*, had under his feet a craft that was capable of some speed, although before a solemn tribunal one would have to admit that she conscientiously belied almost everything that the contractors had said of her originally. Boatswain Pent, commanding the *Chicken*, was in possession of an utterly different kind. The *Holy Moses* was an antelope; the *Chicken* was a man who could carry a piano on his back. In this race Pent had the mortification of seeing his vessel outstripped badly.

The entrance of the two American craft had had a curious effect upon the shores of the bay. Apparently every one had slept in the assurance that the *Chancellorville* could not cross the bar, and that the *Chancellorville* was the only hostile ship. Consequently the appearance of the *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* created a curious and complete emotion. Reigate on the bridge of the *Holy Moses* laughed when he heard the bugles shrilling, and saw through his glasses the wee figures of men running lither and thither on the shore. It was the panic of the china when the bull entered the shop. The whole bay was bright with sun. Every detail of the shore was plain. From a brown hut ahead of the *Holy Moses* some little men ran out waving their arms and turning their tiny faces to look at the enemy. Directly ahead, some four miles, appeared the scattered white houses of a town, with a wharf and some schooners in front of it. The gunboats were making for the town. There was a stone fort on the hill overshadowing, but Reigate conjectured that there was no artillery in it.

There was a sense of something intimate and impudent in the mounds of the Americans. It was like climbing over a wall and fighting a man in his own garden. It was not that they could be in any wise shaken in their resolve; it was simply that the overwhelmingly Spanish aspect of things made them feel like gruff intruders. Like many of the emotions of war time, this emotion had nothing at all to do with war.

Reigate's only commissioned subordinate called up from the bow gun, "May I open fire, sir? I think I can fetch that last one."

"Yes," immediately the 6-pounder crashed, and in the air was the spinning wire noise of the flying shot. It struck so close to the last gunboat that it appeared that the spray went aboard. The swift-handed men at the gun spoke of it: "Gave 'em a bath that time, anyhow. First one they've ever had. Dry 'em off this time, Jim."

The young ensign said: "Steady." And so the *Holy Moses* raced in, firing, until the whole town, water-front and shipping was as plain as if it had been done on paper by a mechanical draughtsman. The gunboats were trying to hide in the bosom of the town. One was frantically tying up to the wharf, and the other was anchoring within a hundred yards of the shore. The Spanish infantry,

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of course, had dug trenches along the beach, and suddenly the air over the *Holy Moses* sang with bullets. The shore-line thrummed with musketry; also some antique shells screamed.

VI

THE *Chicken* was doing her best. Pent's posture at the wheel seemed to indicate that her best was about thirty four knots. In his eagerness he was braced as if he alone were taking in a 10,000-ton battleship through Hellgate.

But the *Chicken* was not too far in the rear, and Pent could see clearly that he was to have no minor part to play. Some of the antique shells had struck the *Holy Moses*, and he could see the escaped steam shooting up from her. She lay close inshore, and was lashing out with four 6-pounders as if this was the last opportunity she would have to fire them. She had made the Spanish gunboats very sick. A solitary gun on the one moored to the wharf was from time to time firing wildly, other wise the gunboats were silent. But the beach in front of the town was a line of fire. The *Chicken* headed for the *Holy Moses*, and as soon as possible, the 6-pounder in her bow began to crack at the gunboat moored to the wharf.

In the meantime the *Chancellorville* prowled off the bar, listening to the firing, anxious, acutely anxious, and feeling her impotency in every inch of her smart steel frame. And in the meantime the *Adolphus* squatted on the waves and brazenly waited for news. One could thoughtfully count the seconds, and reckon that in this second and that second a man had died—if one chose. But no one did it.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24)

GOOD COFFEE MAKER.

Experience With the Berry.

"I have gained twenty-five pounds since I left off coffee and began drinking Postum Food Coffee in its place.

"I had become very thin in flesh and suffered tortures with heartburn, was a nervous wreck with headache practically all the time, until one dreadful day when the good doctor told me I must quit drinking coffee, as he had nothing left to try, to relieve me.

"I could not drink tea and had tried everything else, even Postum, but put it by at the first trial, because it was tasteless.

"Forced to it again, I determined to see if it could not be made palatable, and found at once that when I followed directions and boiled it long enough, that I not only liked it but gave it to my husband for several days without his finding it out. I have the name of making splendid coffee, and we always used the best, but of late I have given Postum to guests many times in place of coffee and have never been detected yet.

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap. The harm is done by alkali. Still more harm is done by not washing. So, bad soap is better than none.

What is bad soap? Imperfectly made; the fat and alkali not well balanced or not combined.

What is good soap? Pears'.

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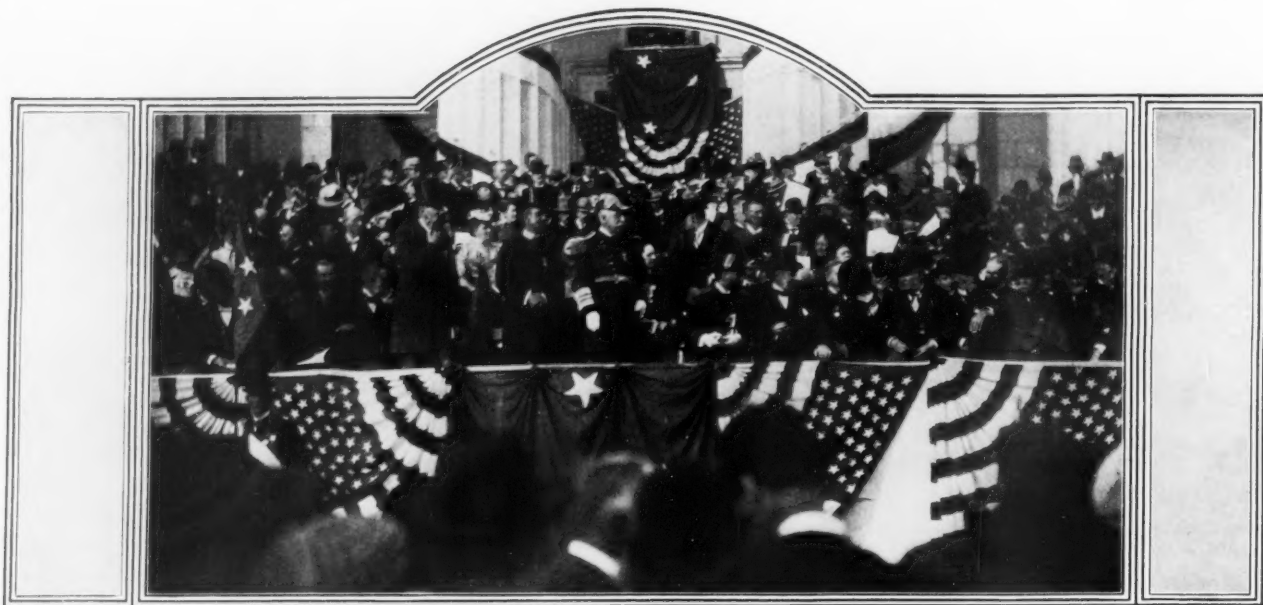
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"ADMIRAL GEORGE" AT HOME

AFTER THE nation, the clan! His neighbors have looked their hero in the face and have shaken his hand. They do not speak of him as we outsiders of other States do. He is their "Admiral George" without the Dewey. For his home-coming they swept the streets clean and clipped their lawns, just as a New England housewife "tidies up" when visitors are expected.

The drab and brown houses on the main street and all the white cottages of humbler if not less thrifty folk on the outskirts were almost hidden in bunting, usually draped around the significant flag with the four white stars. On the Capitol Hill two old brass cannons, with G. A. R. veterans as gunners, boomed forth a salute of seventeen guns at daylight and kept saluting all day long at intervals of five minutes. Here, in the evening, a great cone of barrels and debris seventy feet in height made a bonfire that could be seen for a hundred miles. Beside it, the fireworks on the plain were insipid and unworthy of the New England character.

Fifty thousand people spent the day in the little town. Some came by trains, which drew up on special switches laid in an open field and known as the "Dewey Terminal"; others came in their own well-kept wagons with their luncheon under the seat, starting from distances long before daylight.

"Admiral George has been taking good weather wherever he went and he isn't going to slight 'Pelier,'" they said, and then wondered if amid all these "doings" they could find a place to hitch their horses for the day.

An Indian summer's sun, soft as the tints of the autumn foliage, was not once hidden by a cloud. Both the landscape and the people were in their finest garb,

and measured the bore with the breadth of their hands. In place of the country seat decorated by its tenants, to which the returning hero of another land would be welcomed, was the old State House, its granite pillars entwined with bunting, its steps a reviewing stand for the leading citizens; while those who are "by," "for" and "of" the government stood under the maples of the grounds. The parade passed through the grounds, between the reviewing stand and the crowd, after having traversed the principal street. The Admiral in a carriage, with the Governor, the Mayor and Flag-Lieutenant Brumby, led it as far as the State House, when he alighted at the wing and a moment later, passing through the main entrance, took his place in the centre of the stand. His escort was the cadets of Norwich Academy, whose uniform he wore as a youth. They stood at "Present arms," holding the crowd back, while every band in the State, her veterans of the Civil War and the Spanish War, her militia, her Odd Fellows and her Knights Templar passed. It is a question whether the Admiral or the people were the more deeply affected by the singing of "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood" by a band of marching school children. He said nothing, but put his cocked hat under his arm and lifted his gloved hand to his eyes. Nobody made a set speech. There never are set speeches when a son returns to the family. The Governor simply pinned a souvenir badge from the State on the Admiral's breast.

The sun was just setting behind the rugged hills which he loves when the Admiral was driven back to the train. Everybody had seen him. Those who did not see him at the State House saw him in the procession. Whenever he had noticed some old acquaintance, a schoolmate, or, perhaps, a schoolmate's son, he had risen in his carriage to let him know that he recognized him. After the fireworks the wagons began to stream out of town. "Admiral George's" people went in as quiet and orderly a manner as they had come. They were very tired.

Senator Proctor, as proud as any other Vermonter, stood beside him in the reception-room as he greeted one old acquaintance after another. Members of the State's reception committee of six hundred crowded around him. They, at least, knew enough of the world not to be backward. With his right hand aching, the Admiral extricated himself as easily as he turns a compliment. As he returned to Brother Edward's the people clapped their hands half guiltily. It is not necessary that a people whose stock is the stock of a Cromwell, a Lincoln and a Dewey should know how to cheer. But for the tunes the bands were playing you might have thought that they were burying a general rather than welcoming a hero. In the expression of the strong, clear-cut faces of the men and the women there was solid, tangible admiration, not so easily won as that of people who throw confetti, and not so easily lost. They did not chatter as they looked at the Spanish guns planted in front of the State House, but scrutinized them for points as if they were horses,

and measured the bore with the breadth of their hands.

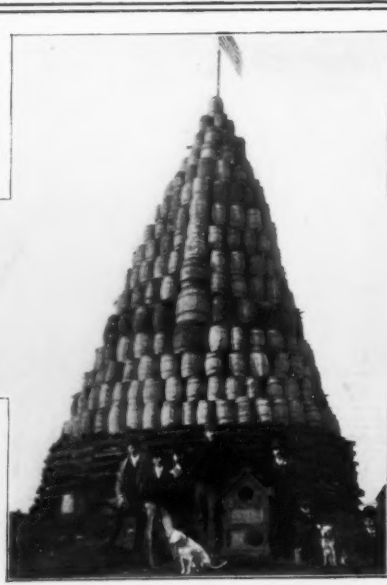
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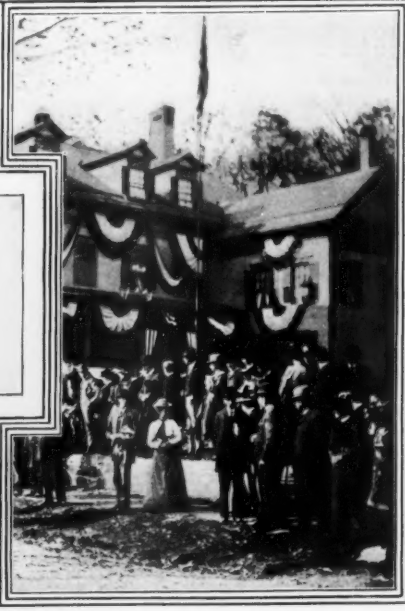
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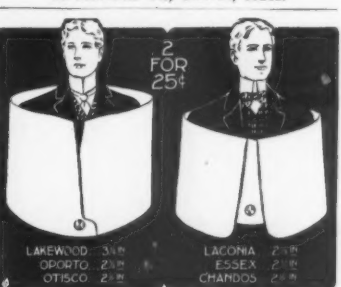


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MRS. JACOBS
(LOUISE MULDERER)"REB" SHEMUEL
(WILTON LACKAYE)HANNAH
(BLANCHE BATES)

THE ZANGWILL PLAY ("CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO") AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. SCENE FROM ACT III

THE DRAMA

THERE IS PROBABLY not one reader in a thousand who can see a play in Mr. Israel Zangwill's novel of Jewish life in London, "The Children of the Ghetto." I confess that I could not. But two years ago, Mr. George C. Tyler, the theatrical manager, discovered the play, believed in it, and persuaded Mr. Zangwill to write it. Consequently the English-speaking stage has been enriched with one of the most human and beautiful dramas produced in this country in many a year. In Israel Zangwill, novelist, Mr. Tyler has introduced at the Herald Square Theatre the only living playwright whose work can be compared with Pinero's. Without giving the least suggestion of imitation, "The Children of the Ghetto" reminds me strongly of "Trelawney of the Wells." Both plays deal with eccentric types, both subordinate plot to character, making plot the result of character, instead of the reverse and usually disastrous method, and both skilfully blend wholesome comedy with honest pathos. But "The Children of the Ghetto" has nothing of the whimsical quality that makes "Trelawney of the Wells" seem at moments almost trivial, and it rests on a far deeper and more serious motive.

Now, when Mr. Zangwill looked into his book for his play, what did he find? A curious mesh of episodes, buried in elaborate dissertations on the usages of Judaism; for, as a novel, "The Children of the Ghetto" is one of the most involved and incongruous creations that ever made its way before the public. One series of incidents stood out with peculiar insistence—those relating to the strange marriage and divorce of Hannah Jacobs, daughter of the Ghetto Rabbi, "Reb" Shemuel, and their effect on her attachment for David Brandon. These would seem hardly strong enough to make a play, and yet, thrown into clear relief, they furnish material that is not only interesting, but dramatic. They are supported, of course, by many other incidents drawn from the book; but the main theme is quickly thrust forward, and is kept conspicuous to the end. Fine as the background is, you are never allowed to dwell on it to the exclusion of the chief figures.

The piece opens in an ugly way. The interior of the rooms of Milly Phillips at first gives the impression of unattractive hideousness, and this is strengthened by the coarse looks and talk of the Jewish figures in the earlier scenes—notably by Milly's shrill-voiced and badgering mother, Malka. As soon as Hannah enters, however, you forget the ugliness. She is at once softens and beautifies the situation. She is a sweet, wholesome, frank Jewish girl, liked by every one. Her arrival is followed by preparations for the formal betrothal of her friend, Leah, daughter of Malka, to Sam Levine. As a joke, Sam slips the ring on Hannah's finger, pronouncing the betrothal words. The ceremony and Sam's manner of ludicrous devotion amuse all the guests save one, the Hebrew poet, Melechtsedek Pinchas, who announces that the joke was no joke, but a marriage under the Jewish law. Consternation naturally results. Hannah is frightened, Leah is heart-broken, Sam is furious. What can be done? They soon learn that a divorce offers the only solution of the difficulty. Then they send for Hannah's father, who has the power to grant

the divorce. The rabbi soon appears, a grave, kindly man, with a patriarchal beard. He listens to the story, but he has no reproach for any one. He begins the ceremony of divorce, and a beautiful ceremony it is. Throughout this scene the dramatist has managed to relieve and yet to deepen the solemnity with flashes of delightful humor. The only criticism to be passed on it is that it follows abruptly what has gone before. The revelation of the marriage furnishes enough material for the act, and the immediate undoing of mischief so serious belittles the whole adventure. The spectator cannot, of course, be expected to know what is coming, and to realize how directly the real drama develops from the first act. This fault is the only marked defect in the whole construction of the piece.

Hannah reappears in the second act, at the ball in the People's Club, none the worse for her experience. Here

when finally she is persuaded to explain that she is not really a wife, and that she will be absolutely free in ninety days from the divorce, David asks eagerly when the interval will be over. Oh, if more of our dramatists could write a love scene like that! How most of them would have sentimentalized and degraded it!

At the close of the second act the interest becomes firmly established, and in the third act it steadily deepens. This act takes us into the home of "Reb" Shemuel, a Jewish interior that radiates beauty and tenderness and exalted piety. In a scene of most delicate workmanship Hannah confesses to the rabbi that she loves David and has promised to marry him. Here perhaps a criticism, strictly according to the accepted rules of dramatic writing, would censure Mr. Zangwill for carrying on his story by the novelist's rather than by the dramatist's method. He might have given us the satisfaction of seeing these two people come to their understanding. Here was a chance for a pretty situation and for some excellent acting. However, when David does appear he comes as Hannah's accepted lover. The old rabbi receives him as a son and calls for wine to celebrate the engagement. He asks David about his religion. Oh, he knows that David has been careless; he was careless himself as a youth. But with such a wife as Hannah, David is sure to become a faithful Jew again. Perhaps David will go with him to his synagogue for Passover. But David has promised to go to another synagogue, where there is a scarcity of *Cohens*, or priests. And now follows the pivotal scene on which the whole piece hangs. "What! Are you a *Cohen*?" asks the rabbi; and David answers with a laugh: "Of course I am. Why, they got me to bless them in the Transvaal last year at *Yom Kippur*. So, you see, I'm anything but a sinner in Israel." The rabbi strikes his head in grief and horror. "Then my daughter cannot marry you. You are a *Cohen*." And David cries: "Not marry a *Cohen*? Why, I thought they were Israel's aristocracy." Then follows the judgment: "A *Cohen* cannot marry a divorced woman." When Hannah comes back with the wine David breaks the news to her with hysterical fury. He laughs at the old laws. He will marry Hannah in spite of them. The rabbi, broken with grief as he is, does not falter. "The Lord giveth," he says solemnly, "and the Lord taketh away. Bless ye the name of the Lord." David appeals to Hannah, implores her to go away with him; but she stays with her father, and the distracted lover flings out of the house.

Fine as the third act is, firm and sound in every scene, the final act is equally strong and impressive. It opens in the Ghetto market-place on the eve of Passover. The faithful Jews troop to the synagogue; the rebellious Jews, representing the new movement, fall to rioting, till they are shamed and silenced by the simple and impressive words of "Reb" Shemuel, spoken at the synagogue door. During the services, David steals under the windows of the rabbi's house and calls to Hannah. When she appears, he again tries to persuade her to flee with him to the great free world of America. Finally she yields. But meeting her father, as she is about to leave, she has not the heart to desert him. So she goes back to the house, and when David reappears at the window, she bids him farewell and closes the shutters. A less theatrical climax, a climax more direct in its appeal to the sympathies, could hardly be devised.

If a play like "The Children of the Ghetto" can succeed, then there is hope for a great revival in dramatic writing. If it fails, we ought to hang our heads in



WILTON LACKAYE AS "REB" SHEMUEL

Mr. Zangwill introduces some of his best comedy, which, if it occasionally drops into farce comedy, still has its roots in easily recognizable human foibles, and here, too, Hannah meets David Brandon, the young Jew, just returned to London with a pocketful of money, and, in spite of a few misadventures, with a clean, sound heart. Throughout the scene of the meeting the masterhand is apparent. It is beautifully written and refreshingly unconventional. Hannah, with girlish humor, bewilders David with enigmatic references to her marriage, and

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shame. Some objection may be made to its discussion of matters relating to race and religion; but this is at once shattered by the discretion and the taste displayed by the author. Neither Jew nor Christian could take offence at a scene or a line, and he would be a bad Jew or a bad Christian who could not sympathize with the beautiful expression of the Jewish life at its best given in the characters of "Reb" Shemuel and Hannah. Moreover, the seriousness of the play, besides being relieved by the comic scenes and by the humor of the dramatist which plays through the whole piece, never becomes tedious or didactic.

The performance is as good as the piece. The sureness and skill of the stage-management point to the efficient drilling of Mr. James A. Herne, who directed the rehearsals. The actors, too, have risen to their opportunities. It seems almost invidious to single out individual members for praise. All of the actors play well and they work together magnificently. Naturally, nearly all of the parts are character-parts which our actors do better than what is commonly known as "straight" parts. And yet, the two leading figures are essentially "straight" parts—the old Rabbi, a man of simple dignity, without a touch of eccentricity, played by Mr. Wilton Lackaye, and his daughter, played by Miss Blanche Bates. Mr. Lackaye is absolutely faithful to



BLANCHE BATES AS HANNAH

the dramatist's intention, and gives a performance that is far and away the best thing he has done in a career marked by many artistic achievements. By her portrayal of Hannah, Miss Bates confirms the impression created by her work last season, that she is one of the most gifted, if not the most gifted, of all the younger actresses that we now have. She looks and carries herself exactly as Hannah is described in the novel, a frank, generous-hearted and high-minded girl. Not for one moment does she slip into artificiality, or try to make a theatrical effect. Only a born artist could have delivered the last line of the third act, after the discovery that the law forbade Hannah's marriage with David, with the simple pathos that she gave to it: "It's cruel, your religion." Her reading from the Psalms, too, is beautifully simple. There can be no doubt that Miss Bates has a great future.

Among the others whose acting is conspicuously good, less perhaps because it is better than the rest of the work than because there is more of it, are Mr. Frank Worthing, who as David Brandon almost wholly discards his mannerisms; Mr. William Norris, who plays with unction the low-comedy character of the Hebrew poet, made by the author less lifelike and more ridiculous than in the book; Mr. Fred. Lotto, who in San Levine offers a vivid study from life; and by Madame Cottrell as Mrs. Belcovitch, Miss Ada Dwyer as Malka, and Miss Louise Muldeuer as the wife of "Reb" Shemuel. As Esther Ansell, "twelve years and very old for her age," a capital bit of characterization, and very amusing, Miss Mabel Taliaferro makes a decided hit.

Some of the minor characters are played so admirably that they stand out like finely painted miniatures. Mr. Adolphe Lestina, for example, makes Moses Ansell, the pauper alio, a picture of human incompetence that it is impossible to overlook. Mr. Richard Carle offers an extremely amusing characterization, too, in Shoshli Schmendrik, the shy carpenter, who in the last act finds unexpected consolation for his hopeless love for Becky Belcovitch, cleverly acted by Miss Ada Curry. Praise should be given to all of the actors for the skill displayed in dress and "make-up."

So confident are the American managers in this piece that they have already arranged to produce it in London. There, of course, it will have an additional interest by virtue of being an accurate picture of a phase of London life. So it now looks as if Mr. Zangwill had started prosperously on his new career. We have so few dramatists of his quality that he deserves the heartiest encouragement. If he can write a masterpiece for his first play, we have reason to expect great dramatic work from him during the next few years.

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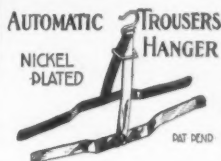
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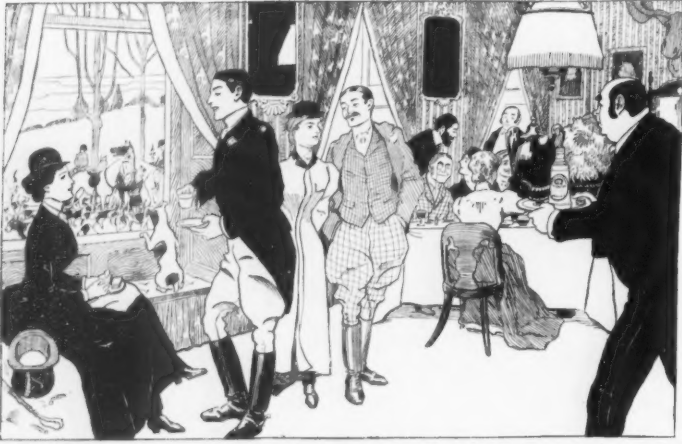
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THE REVENGE OF THE ADOLPHUS

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19)

Undoubtedly the spirit was that the flag should come away with honor, honor complete, perfect, leaving no loose, unfinished end over which the Spaniards could erect a monument of satisfaction, glorification. The distant guns boomed to the ears of the silent blue jackets at their stations on the cruiser.

The *Chicken* steamed up to the *Holy Moses* and took into her nostrils the odor of steam, gunpowder and burned things. Rifle-bullets simply steamed over them both. In the merest flash of time, Pent took into his remembrance the body of a dead quartermaster on the bridge of his consort. The two megaphones uplifted together, but Pent's eager voice cried out first: "Are you injured, sir?"

"No, not completely. My engines can get me out after—we have sunk those gunboats." The voice had been utterly conventional, but it changed to sharpness: "Go in and sink that gunboat at anchor."

As the *Chicken* rounded the *Holy Moses* and started inshore, a man called to him from the depths of finished disgust: "They're takin' to their boats, sir." Pent looked and saw the men of the anchored gunboat lower their boats and pull like mad for shore.

The *Chicken*, assisted by the *Holy Moses*, began a methodical killing of the anchored gunboat. The Spanish infantry on shore fired frantically at the *Chicken*. Pent, giving the wheel to a waiting sailor, stepped out to a point where he could see the men at the guns. One bullet spanged past him and into the pilot-house. He ducked his head into the window. "That hit you, Murry?" he inquired, with interest.

"No, sir," cheerfully responded the man at the wheel.

Pent became very busy superintending the fire of his absurd battery. The anchored gunboat simply would not sink. It evinced that unnatural stubbornness which is sometimes displayed by inanimate objects. The gunboat at the wharf had sunk as if she had been scuttled, but this riddled thing at anchor would not even take fire. Pent began to grow flurried—privately. He could not stay there forever. Why didn't the pig-headed gunboat admit its destruction? Why—

He was at the forward gun when one of his engineers came to him, and after saluting, said, serenely: "The men at the after-gun are all down, sir."

It was one of those curious lifts which an enlisted man, without in any way knowing it, can give his officer. The impudent tranquility of the man at once set Pent to rights, and the engineer departed admiring the extraordinary coolness of his captain.

The next few moments contained little but heat and odor, applied mechanics, and an expectation of death. Pent developed a fervid and amazed appreciation of the men, his men: men he knew very well, but strange men. What explained them? He was doing his best because he was captain of the *Chicken*, and he lived or died by the *Chicken*. But what could move these men to watch his eye in bright anticipation of his orders, and then obey them with enthusiastic rapidity? What caused them to speak of the action as some kind of joke—particularly when they knew he could overhear them? What manner of men? And he anointed them secretly with his fullest affection.

Perhaps Pent did not think all this during the battle. Perhaps he thought it so soon after the battle that his full mind became confused as to the time. At any rate, it stands as an expression of his feeling.

The enemy had gotten a field-gun down to the shore, and with it they began to throw 3-inch shells at the *Chicken*. In this war it was usual that the down-trodden Spaniards, in their ignorance, should use smokeless powder, while the Americans, by the power of the consistent, everlasting, three-ply, wire-woven, double-back-action imbecility of a hayseed government, used powder which on sea and on land cried their position to heaven; and, accordingly, good men got killed without reason. At first Pent could not locate the field-gun at all; but as soon as he found it, he ran aft with one man and brought the after 6-pounder again into action. He paid little heed to the old gun-crew. One was lying on his face apparently dead; another was prone, with a wound in the chest; while the third sat with his back to the deck-house holding a smitten arm. This last one called out huskily, "Give 'em hell, sir."

The minutes of the battle were either days, years, or they were flashes of a second. Once Pent, looking up, was astonished to see three shell holes in the *Chicken's* funnel—made surreptitiously, so to speak. "If we don't silence that field-gun she'll sink us, boys." The eyes of the man sitting with his back against the deck-house were looking from out his ghastly face at the new gun-crew. He spoke with the supreme laziness of a wounded man: "Give 'em hell." Pent felt a sudden twist of his shoulder. He was wounded—slightly. The anchored gunboat was in flames.

VII

Pent took his little bloodstained towboat out to the *Holy Moses*. The yacht was already under way for the bay entrance. As they

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were passing out of range, the Spaniards heroically redoubled their fire—which is their custom. Pent, moving busily about the decks, stopped suddenly at the door of the engine-room. His face was set and his eyes were steely. He spoke to one of the engineers. "During the action I saw you firing at the enemy with a rifle. I told you once to stop, and then I saw you at it again. Pegging away with a rifle is no part of your business. I want you to understand that you are in trouble." The humbled man did not raise his eyes from the deck. Presently the *Holy Moses* displayed an anxiety for the *Chicken's* health.

"One killed and four wounded, sir."
"Have you enough men left to work your ship?"

After deliberation Pent answered, "No, sir."
"Shall I send you assistance?"

"No, sir. I can get to sea all right."
As they neared the point they were edified by the sudden appearance of a serio-comic ally. The *Chancellorville* at last had been unable to stand the strain, and sent in her launch with an ensign, five seamen, and a number of marksmen marines. She swept hotfoot around the point, bent on terrible slaughter; the 1-pounder of her bow presented a formidable appearance. The *Holy Moses* and the *Chicken* laughed until they brought indignation to the brow of the young ensign. But he forgot it when with some of his men he boarded the *Chicken* to do what was possible for the wounded. The nearest surgeon was aboard the *Chancellorville*. There was absolute silence on board the cruiser as the *Holy Moses* steamed up to report. The blue-jackets listened with all their ears. The commander of the yacht spoke slowly into his megaphone: "We have—destroyed—the two—gunboats—sir."

There was a burst of confused cheering on the fore-castle of the *Chancellorville*, but an officer's cry quelled it.

"Very—good. Will—you—come aboard?"
Correspondents were already on the deck of the cruiser, and although for a time they learned only that the navy can preserve a classic silence, they in the end received the story which is here told. Before the last of the wounded were hoisted aboard the cruiser the *Adolphus* was on her way to Key West. When she arrived at that port of desolation, Shackles fled to file the telegrams and the other correspondents fled to the hotel for clothes, good clothes, clean clothes; and food, good food, much food; and drink, much drink, any kind of drink.

Days afterward, when the officers of the noble squadron received the newspapers containing an account of their performance they looked at each other somewhat dejectedly: "Heroic assault—grand daring of Boatswain Pent—superb accuracy of the *Holy Moses*' fire—gallant tars of the *Chicken*—their names should be remembered as long as America stands—terrible losses of the enemy—"

When the Secretary of the Navy ultimately read the report of Lieutenant-Commander Surrey he had to prick himself with a dagger in order to remember that anything at all out of the ordinary had occurred.

THE END

BRITISH ANTI-IMPERIALISTS

DURING former South African troubles—notably those of 1881—there was an ardent Liberal party opposed to all shedding of blood. Now it would positively seem, as a thoughtful and unprejudiced friend said to me not long ago, that the Liberal party has ceased to exist. During the last session of Parliament this was so manifest that even as talented and capable a man as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman sometimes produced almost the effect of a phantom leader heading a spectral Opposition. Still, serious things are happening among those who are foes of the war. That very unconservative spirit, Mr. Labouchere, who was once a member of the South African Committee, has brought against Mr. Chamberlain charges which it would be idle not to call grave. The editor of "Truth" declares that the Colonial Secretary had a guilty cognizance of the Jameson Raid, and that although Mr. Chamberlain had secretly attacked Mr. Rhodes in a private report accusing that magnate of dishonest and dishonorable conduct, he caused these statements to be suppressed before the Committee of the House of Commons, and publicly went out of his way to laud Mr. Rhodes as a man of unstained repute. Moreover, a national memorial was recently issued, condemning, with signal appropriateness, all hostile action. "We enter our solemn protest," run the words of its document, "against any appeal to the sword to settle this difference with the Transvaal until after the principle of arbitration affirmed by the Conference at The Hague has been tried and found wanting." It should be remembered, too, that some of the most eminent men and women in England have affirmed themselves antagonistic to harsher measures. Among these must be mentioned Mr. Herbert Spencer, Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Edward Clarke, Lady Carlisle and Lady Henry Somerset, besides many others of great influence and distinction. And yet it is apparent the masses clamor for swords and guns, and it is now apparent they will get their fill of war.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER



"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"



MODERN FOOTBALL DEVELOPMENT

BY W. CAMERON FORBES

MANY OF THE later developments of the game of football are very gratifying to its adherents, and we cannot but wonder whether it is leading us, whether to a new game unlike the present, to a game of which the present contains all the essential features, or to an absolute abandonment of the sport.

It seems very few years ago that the game began to take on some very interesting features which now distinguish it from all other games; notably, the system of signalling by means of numbers; the mathematical arrangement of plays and each man's part in each play so that it could be laid out on paper and on blackboards; and the acquisition of the strategy of football by the captains and quarter-backs, as one would acquire military science and tactics. The game has gradually formed itself around the ideas of the many fertile minds at work upon it, following here a new play by one team, there a new interpretation of the rules by another. Each successful advance has been jealously watched and copied by all the other teams until the general use of some new style of play has led to some evasion of the rules or an unhealthy development of the game in some direction, when the able and wise Rules Committee has asserted itself and used the pruning-knife with good effect and cut off the offending limb.

Football has passed beyond the period of slow and sure mass plays in which the individual was so lost in the mass that often the ball could hardly be seen for several plays, and no one could tell through the tumbled heap of arms and legs who had carried the ball or how he had been stopped; when kicking was only resorted to when rushing had failed to gain, and the game ran imminent risk of losing its popularity for lack of variety and beauty. The wise restriction of mass play helped to cure this evil, as did also the fact that it gradually dawned on the minds of coaches and captains that this form of attack was only occasionally profitable.

The next feature, and to my mind a much more serious one, came from the almost continual delay of the game in which the bigger teams indulged. Whether from a desire to gain time or wind, or to break the continuity of an opponent's attack, or to get instructions from the coaches, or whether on account of real bruises to which an undue consideration was given, an

outrageous for time were taken and officials. This would, very ended the game, will not tolerate for long. The ly dragged along allotted length, anywhere from

utes comes after the point of for- passed, and perfectly just- "If these inju- game is too stop; if feigned, manlike, and do." Fortu- again the tone in our ath- itself and cured threatened the The Rules Com- some more sen- the rules, short- to be taken out substitutes to be game at the op- and without to become inca- jury. At the coaches and ered that fate

er, the man who does not lie down and call for water after each blow, and that the most successful teams went into their big games prepared to stand up and play whether bruised, winded or swept back. Thus we can see the game working out its own salvation; the healthy good sense of the coaches and players, though sometimes operating with painful slowness, finding out the evils one by one and destroying them.

The last season saw a much more open game than heretofore, with more brilliant runs in the open field and much kicking, which brought out in strong relief the fine work of the ends, racing down the field under the kicks and so timing their runs as to play into each other's hands, like two greyhounds coursing a hare. The play was much quicker also, not so fast as is possible, but fast enough to free the game from any charge of tediousness. In the large games time was taken so seldom as to eliminate entirely the appearance of continual occurrence of injuries so harmful to the best interests of the game.

What will the next move be? Is this game, as many believe, rushing to an early end? Is public opinion, outraged by the sight of torn ligaments and broken bones, going to stop the game of football, either by the intervention of parents applied to individuals, or legislative authority, or school and college restrictions? Can any one wonder that parents refuse to risk their boys in the rush and tumble of this fierce relentless game with its intense incentives, where everything else is lost in the strong desire to make the team, to enter the battle, and to win the game?

I can well sympathize with a parent's unwillingness to allow his son to run these risks, yet I consider it shortsighted and a great mistake to yield to it, and I would no more think of stopping a boy from playing than I would of ordering him not to take up his work in life. The same reasons obtain in either case—unless, of course, in the event of absolute incapacity from one cause or another. Nor is there to my mind the slightest question on the other point—football should not be stopped. The advantages are certain, the risks doubtful, and even at their worst, I would ten times rather take all the injuries possible than forego the advantages which accrue to a boy playing on a good football team. It is worth something for once in your life to have an object for which you are striving and for which you care more than for life itself; to bend your will to that of your captain's and learn discipline; to scorn discomfort, injury and threatened defeat and learn desperation; to lose sight of your individuality in that of your team and learn co-operation; to learn to decide quickly and act instantly, knowing that at any moment the result of the game may depend upon your successful performance of your part; to undergo the sickening nervousness and anxiety previous to the supreme test, a nervousness due not to fear of injury but to fear lest you should not prove equal to the emergency; and learn self-reliance. All these and more are the fruits of a football season, and it seems trivial to consider for a moment the petty bruises and broken bones, healed in a week or two.

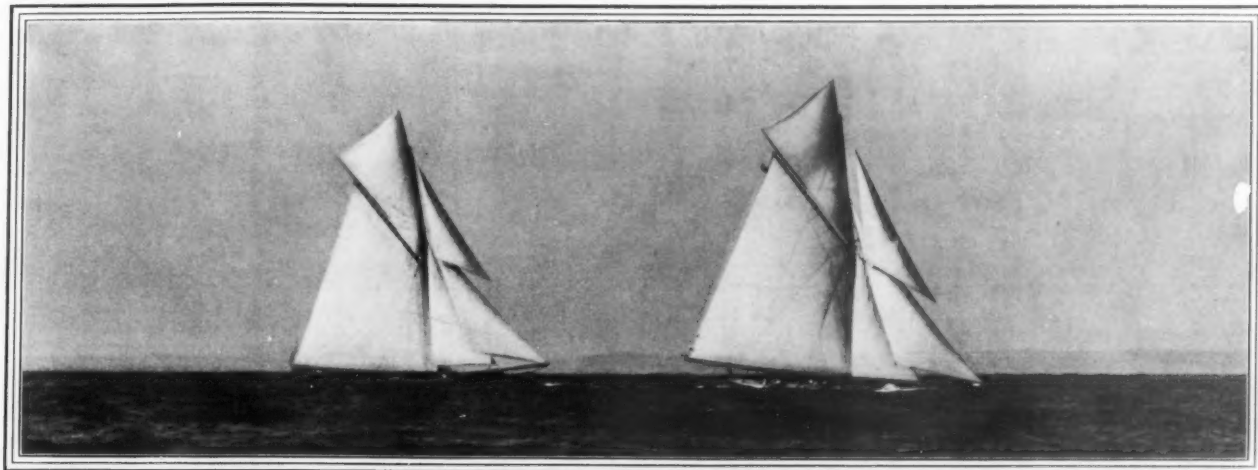
The real problem is whether the injuries, which are undeniably numerous, and sometimes, though rarely, are of a nature to cause lasting inconvenience, cannot be reduced to a minimum, and so carefully watched that none of a permanent nature result. It is my belief that injuries cannot be entirely prevented, and I should view, with great apprehension, any measures adopted to that end, fearing lest in the endeavor to cure a lesser evil some essential advantage of the game be lost. I would have the game lose none of its virility.

Without any further changes in the rules there is much that can be done. The injuries should be watched and guarded against. All playing after dark or on frozen ground should be forbidden. Again, each team should have responsible medical supervision proportionate to the incentive. Boys with natural weaknesses or tendencies to strains or diseases should be prohibited from playing. Not only should the preliminary physical examination be passed, but some responsible doctor or trainer should be on hand to watch how things are working, and cut out all players who prove on trial to be loose-jointed, brittle-boned or otherwise unfit.



W. CAMERON FORBES

number of calls made by the cap- tained by the mistaken policy properly, have as the public that sort of thing games frequent- to twice their When a wait of two to five min- every two plays, beance is soon ple would be tied in saying, ries are real, the rough and must it is unsports- that will not nately here healthy under- letics asserted the evil that life of the sport. mitted made sible changes in ening the time and permitting put into to the tion of the cap- waiting for men pacitated by in- same time the captains discov- favors the fight-



"COLUMBIA" DRAWING AWAY FROM "SHAMROCK" TEN MINUTES AFTER ROUNDING THE OUTER MARK ON THE THIRD (UNFINISHED) RACE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP

THE CUP RACES

Foreign yachtsmen, as well as our own in other seaport cities, will for years to come be able to point with the finger of scorn at the New York course for international yacht racing.

Was there ever such a pitiable record as seven flukes in ten racing days? Not in any of the former international races, surely, and not in the history of club racing so far as recorded.

Sir Thomas Lipton and C. Oliver Iselin would be quite justified in asking the Regatta Committee to change the course to Newport or any other place where the wind blows occasionally, but if they had gone there it is doubtful whether they would have gotten clear of the fog, which was really the worst element in the vexatious delays experienced.

In delightful contrast to the weather conditions was the management, throughout the races, of the excursion fleet by Captain Robley D. Evans, U.S.N., in the revenue cutter *Manning*, aided by several other cutters. He was ably assisted by Lieutenant-Commander John Fremont with his fleet of torpedo boats.

After the noticeable interference of former years at these races, it is a pleasure to be able to record the fact that, notwithstanding the great number of steam vessels of all types and sizes which accompanied the yachts each day, there were only three or four minor complaints, and these not from the racing yachts.

The interest of the government in the yacht race to this extent was one of the most pleasing features of the event, giving, as it did, its stamp of approval and clothing, as it were, each race with its authority by compelling obedience to the rules laid down.

Time and again Sir Thomas Lipton and Lord Charles Beresford—the last-named an admiral in the British navy—said that such a clear course as that given the yachts to sail in would not have been possible in England or any other country. He complimented our captains and pilots for their universally cheerful

tion, which, even in the light and fluky breezes which prevailed, she managed to hold very well against her slippery antagonist.

Shamrock, with her great sail plan and sky-reaching club topsail, has shown that she is an extremely fast light-weather boat. What she can do in a breeze yet

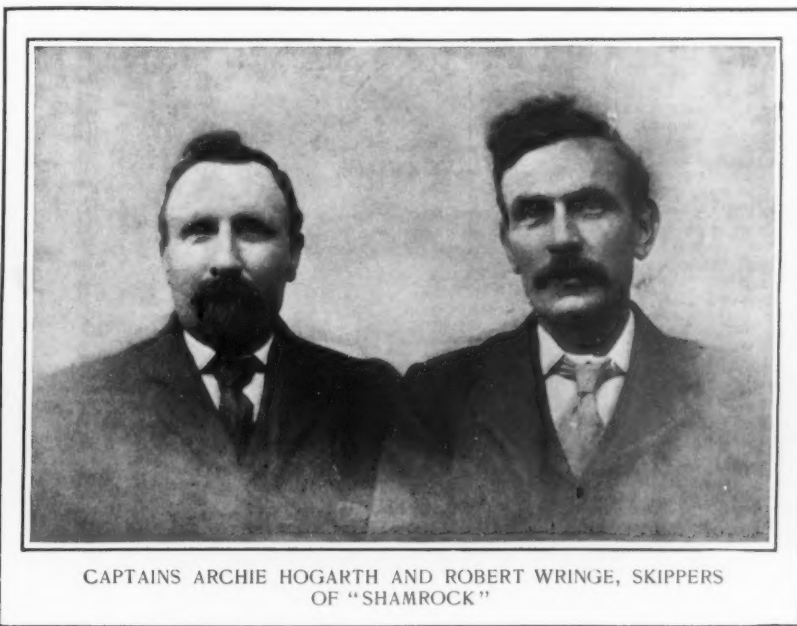
remains to be seen. The chances are, however, that she will prove a very close match for the Herreshoff yacht in all sorts of weather and on all points of sailing. Of one thing we are sure, and that is that she will be well handled in all her races, judging from past performances.

If the crew of *Columbia* is discouraged by the adverse criticisms printed of late in the daily papers they do not show it. It would be perfectly natural, however, if they felt hurt, to find that, at a time when the entire American nation and its press should support them and the yacht, some newspapers are unpatriotic enough to print the views of fault-finding individuals who belong to "the rocking-chair fleet."

Speaking of this just before the first actual race was sailed, managing owner C. Oliver Iselin said: "For myself I don't care what they say, but the captain and men are really doing the best they can to make *Columbia* win, and they feel such criticisms very keenly. It is not patriotic, to say the least, to find fault with their

work at this time. The entire sporting press and public should stand by the American yacht and her crew until the last race is sailed and encourage them in every way. If there is any fault, imaginary or otherwise, let's have it ventilated after not during the races." This certainly is very good advice.

JAMES C. SUMMERS.



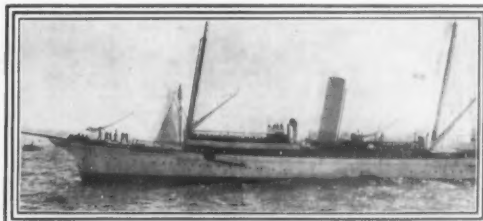
CAPTAINS ARCHIE HOGARTH AND ROBERT WRINGE, SKIPPERS OF "SHAMROCK"

compliance with the orders issued for keeping the course clear.

In the race, or rather the attempted race of October 7, the interest was kept up from the start until the contest was declared off. Although *Shamrock* led at the outer mark by nine seconds, *Columbia*, cleverly handled at this point, was placed in a windward posi-



TORPEDO BOAT SHAMROCK COLUMBIA



THE "ERIN" FOLLOWING THE RACE



PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

THE FLEET OF EXCURSION STEAMERS, TORPEDO GUARD-BOATS AND PRIVATE YACHTS AS THEY APPEAR FOLLOWING THE CUP YACHTS "COLUMBIA" AND "SHAMROCK" IN THE RACES OFF SANDY HOOK

PICTURES BY JAMES H. HARE, STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER



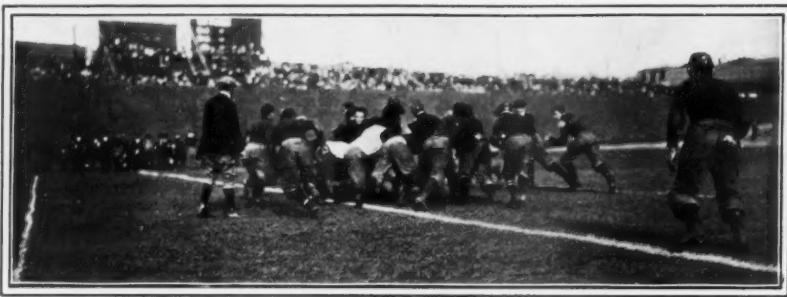
COLUMBIA PASSING THE BALL BACK FOR A PUNT



LARENDON (COLUMBIA) PUNTING



WHEELER (PRINCETON) TRYING FOR GOAL



A RUN AROUND RIGHT TACKLE

PRINCETON
BEATS
COLUMBIA
11 TO 0

the field, there will be no question of holding the distance of any opponent's kicking. In this game Columbia had the more spirit and dash in her backs and line, Princeton's running formations being in just that stage where their crudity was most apparent. I should think, however, that her end run, by means of which Reiter once took some twenty-five yards, would work out as well as did a similar style in 1896, when it smothered Yale's end and tackle. Columbia ought to have punted in the early part of the game, but her play was excellent.

On the 28th the University of Pennsylvania journeys West to Chicago for a match in return for the one Chicago played them last fall in Philadelphia. In that match in Philadelphia Chicago, thanks to the kicking of Herschberger and the really brilliant and dashing work of her team had, during the first half, rather the better of it. It was not until the second half that Pennsylvania, hammering repeatedly with guard's back, succeeded in crushing Chicago down and finally winning the game, Chicago meantime scoring twice. Could the same conditions prevail as existed in Philadelphia on that day—namely, the most complete ignorance of the University of Pennsylvania as to how high the Western team had mounted in the football scale, the

scepticism regarding the kicking of Herschberger, and, finally, the very decided contempt for Chicago's method of defence that existed when the game began—I should say that the transference of it to Chicago might have made the difference between victory and defeat, although this is only, of course, a matter for speculation. But the same conditions will not favor Chicago this year. It is an advantage to have Pennsylvania on their own grounds, and the Pennsylvania team will not be as strong as they would be in Philadelphia. Their physical condition will be less satisfactory, and the dash and vim which is so necessary in their style of play will be missing. On the other hand, they now know that Chicago is not only worthy of consideration, but must be seriously reckoned with. They know that their standard of play is close up to that of any Eastern team, and they know full well that to beat Chicago they must begin early in the game and play all the way through. Then, too, with the game with Harvard, and a very critical game at that, to be played on November 4, Pennsylvania's perforce has been obliged to get into condition earlier than last year. Finally, the element of Herschberger's kicking is eliminated, as that young man has graduated. All this leans toward the Pennsylvania side of it.

On the other hand, Chicago began her season earlier than Pennsylvania, Stagg taking his candidates very gradually and working them in, and it is probable that his team on the 28th of October will be as far ahead in development as the ordinary Eastern team is on the 15th of November. Still, I do not see how Chicago can defeat Pennsylvania unless Pennsylvania makes the blunder of saving some of her men for the Harvard game on

the 4th. It seems to me that Pennsylvania's schedule, in this respect, is a weak one, and if they really go in to play their best and put their best men in the field and keep them there on the 28th they will weaken them materially for the game of the 4th.

Seventeen to six!

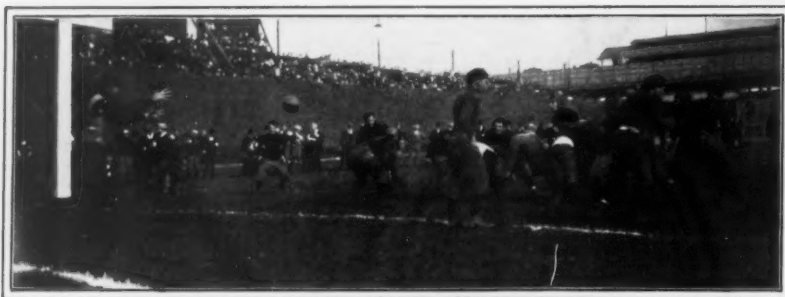
CHICAGO
DEFEATS
CORNELL

How the backs plowed into that Cornell line! And as for condition, the Maroons were apparently growing stronger almost every moment. Had the game lasted longer the defeat would have been only greater. And the lesson that must come home to Cornell, and will to other teams, too, before this season of surprises is ended, is that the game needs a coach—one man in power and that man to stay! Stagg has worked for this and deserves it.

INDIANS
MASSACRE
PENNSYLVANIA

What Brown began the Carlisle Indians speedily brought to a conclusion by simply overwhelming the University of Pennsylvania sixteen to five, the Philadelphians' only score being due to a good place kick by Hare from a difficult position. Warner, the old Cornell man and the Indians' coach, must have taken lots of satisfaction in looking at his rival Woodruff during the pauses of the game. The Indians played a strong game and a better-planned game than last year. But Pennsylvania had no change, and the plays that they were wont to drive with brute force lacked push and dash and fell before the Carlisle line.

WALTER CAMP.



COLUMBIA PASSING THE BALL TO DENMAN



SHOVING WHEELER THROUGH CENTRE



COLUMBIA'S CAPTAIN PUNTING



PRINCETON PUSHING THE BALL THROUGH THE CENTRE

PRINCETON VS. COLUMBIA AT MANHATTAN FIELD, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

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(HOW TO SECURE IT.)



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SYRIAN HAIR DESTROYER BEYARA
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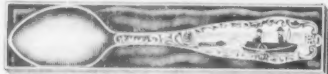
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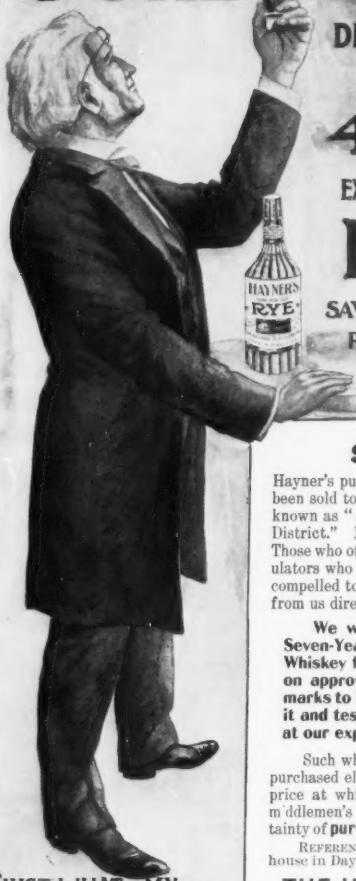
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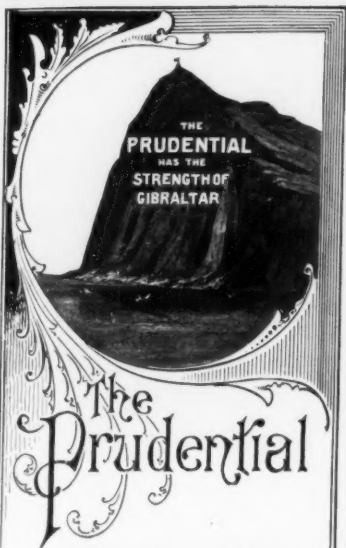
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